

VOL. 4 NO. 7  
OCT. 1944

# Shadow COMICS

10¢



**THE SHADOW**  
FINDS THE CRYPT  
OF THE **SEVEN SKULLS**  
COMPLETE PICTURE STORY  
IN THIS ISSUE



"Make Me Prove . . .

# I CAN MAKE YOU COMMANO -TOUGH

inside and out . . . in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British  
force knocking legs and making step-happy with their quick,  
powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick  
time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms!  
Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And  
power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it ails an enemy  
your! My methods can give you the satisfying endurance of a  
panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give  
me a fighting chance to do it for you.

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day

### Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which  
I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned  
to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any  
other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven  
its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world.  
And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no  
matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you  
right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring  
to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully  
satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED  
METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

#### PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A  
Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength  
that will surge through your muscles.

### READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT

**A. PASSAMONT**, Jowett-trained  
athlete who was named America's  
first prize winner for Physical  
Perfection.

**REX FERRIS**, Champion  
Strength Athlete of South Africa.  
Says he, "I owe everything to  
Jowett methods!" Look at this  
chest—then consider the value of  
the Jowett Courses!



## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings  
to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men  
of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you  
are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in  
strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll  
show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for  
this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS  
STRONG MEN.



"The  
is the g  
world!" s  
Physical Dis  
YMCA Atlant

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in BOOK FORM  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-  
building courses, are available in book  
form to all readers of this publication  
at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5  
for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your  
family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically  
fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by  
following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-  
building!

### 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books  
for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for  
25c. If you're not delighted with these famous  
muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL  
results within ONE WEEK, send them back and  
your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you!  
And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT  
COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of  
the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles  
of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 167, New York 1, N. Y.



# FREE!



### FREE GIFT COUPON!



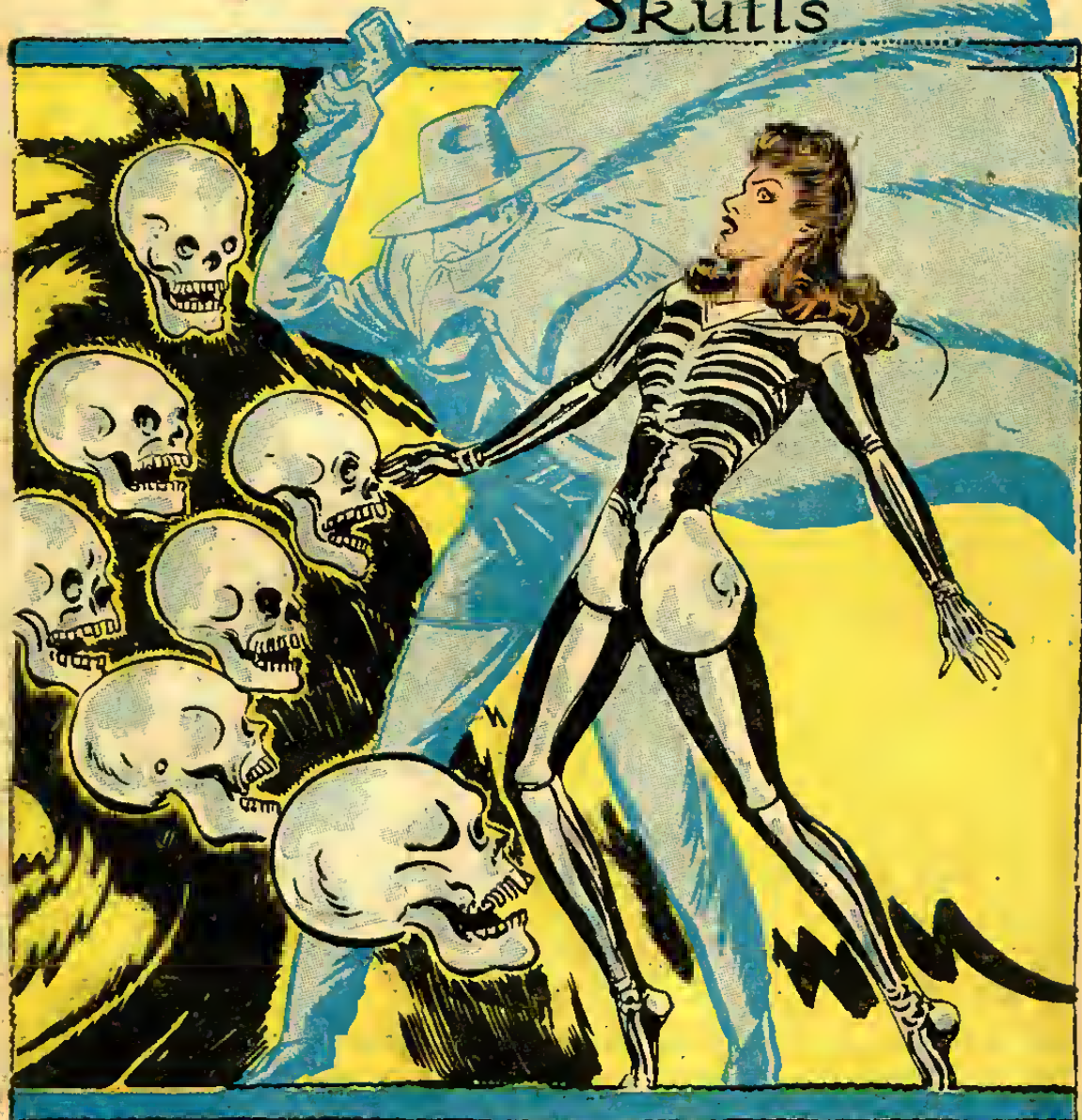
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 167, New York 1, N. Y.

Send me the JOWETT Course-Book  
checked below, if not delighted, I may re-  
turn books for refund in 10 days and my  
"Challenge" money will be refunded.  
Of course I will pay postage.  
☐ Yes, C.O.D. I will pay postage 5c. (plus a  
few cents postpaid) No order less than \$1 shipped  
C.O.D.  
☐ ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR \$1  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Leg (25c)  
Send me the FREE book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel,  
Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME..... AGE.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... STATE.....

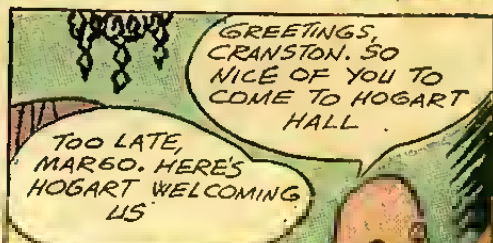
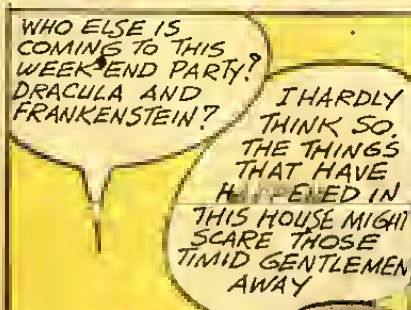
# The Shadow Finds

## The Crypt of the Seven Skulls

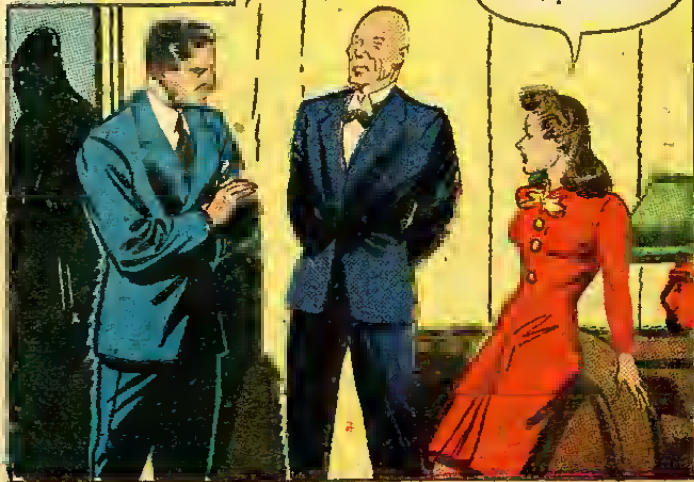
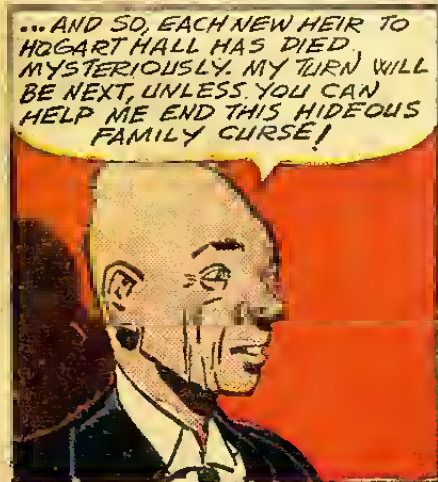
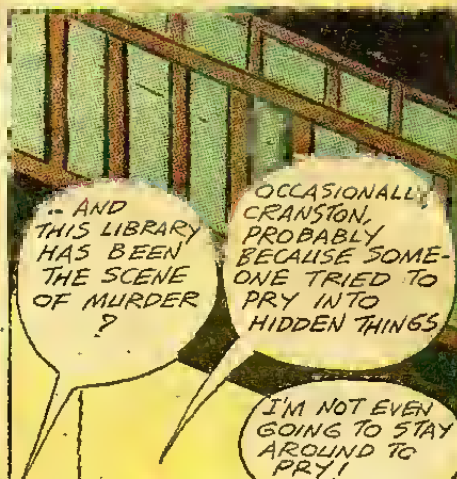
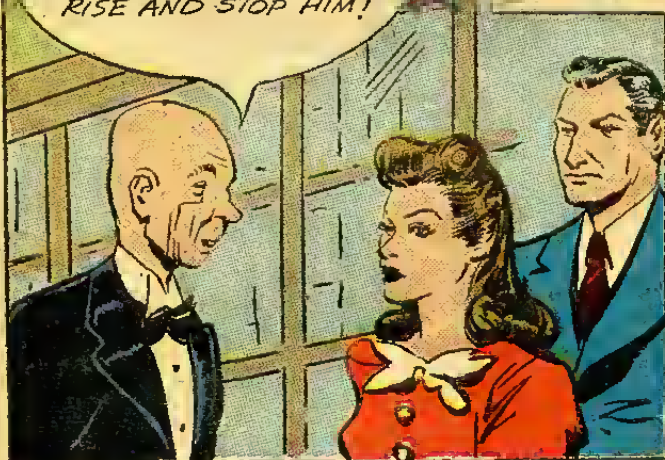
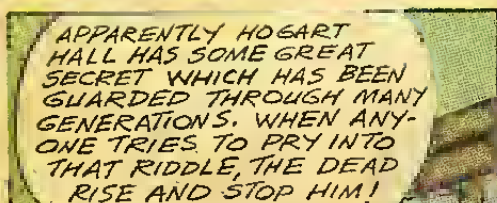
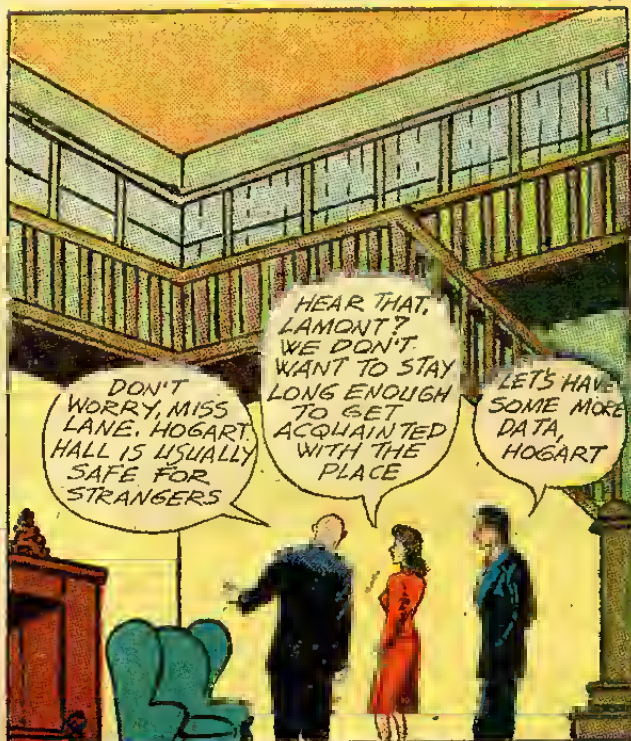


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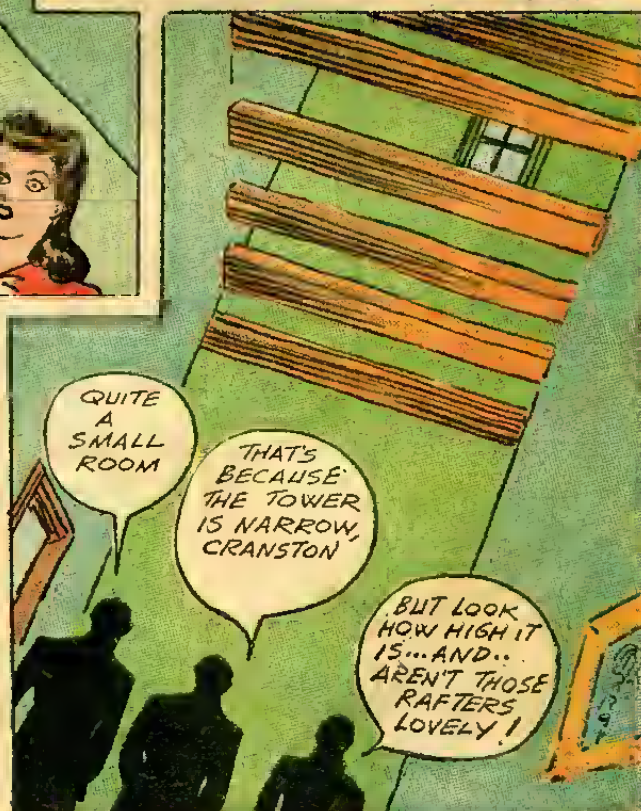
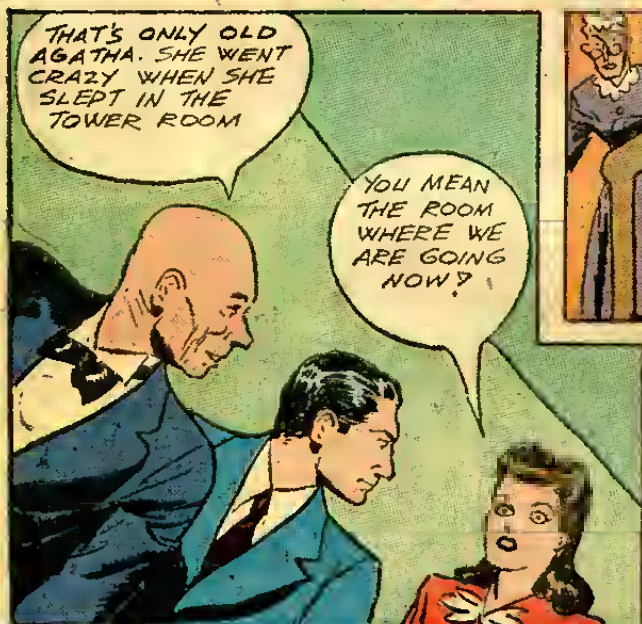


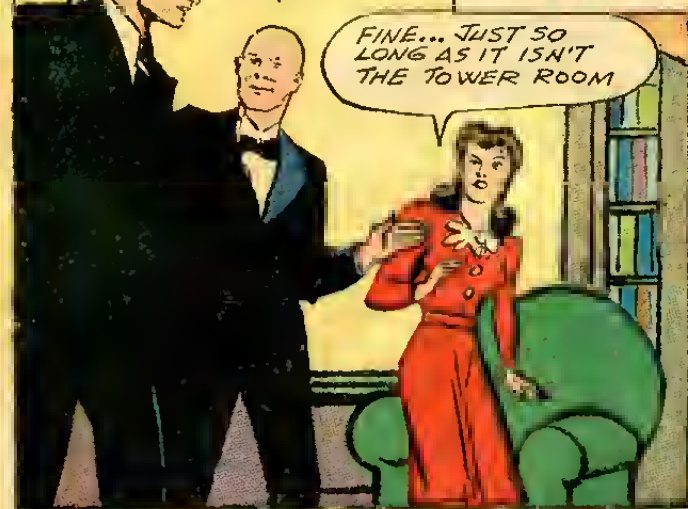
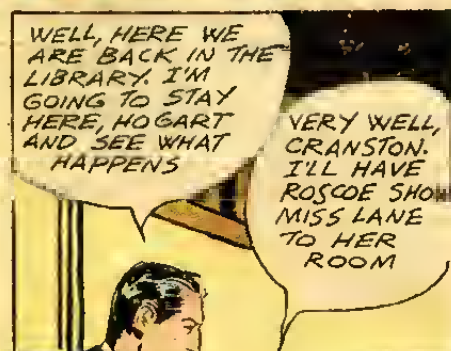




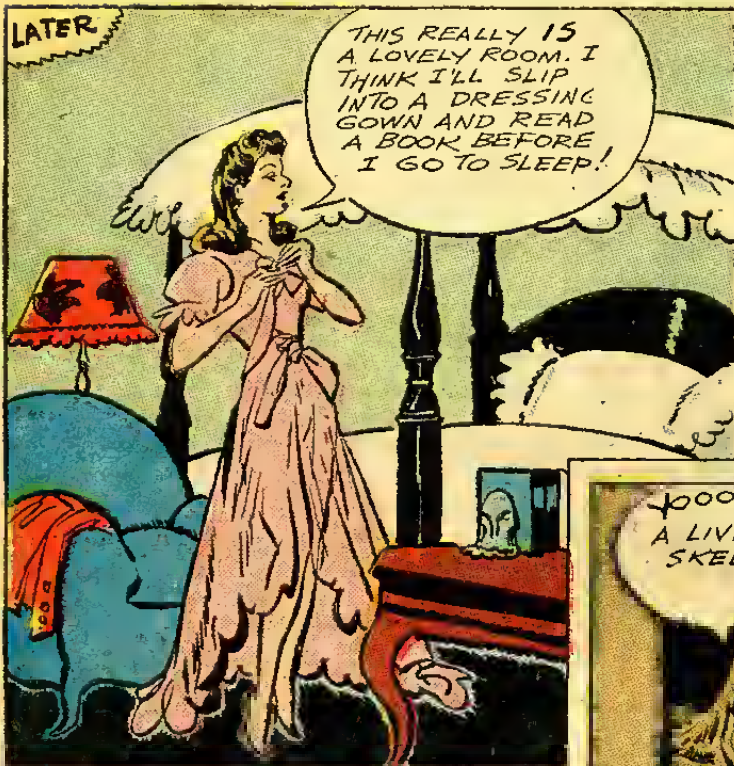




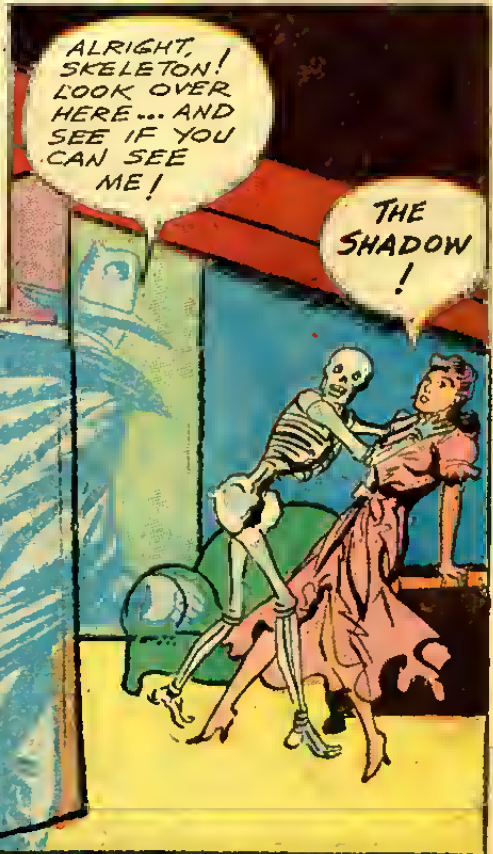
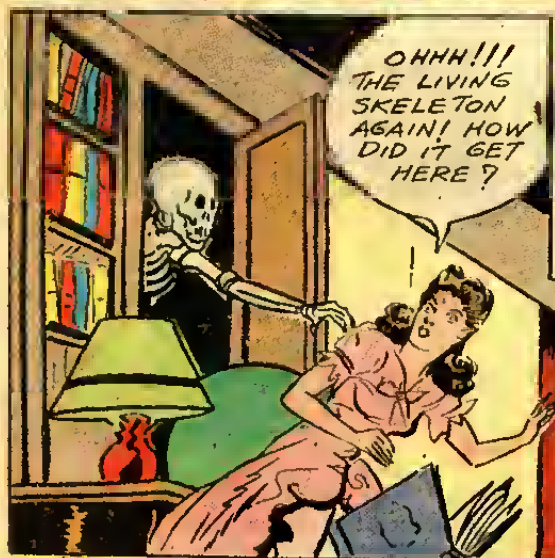
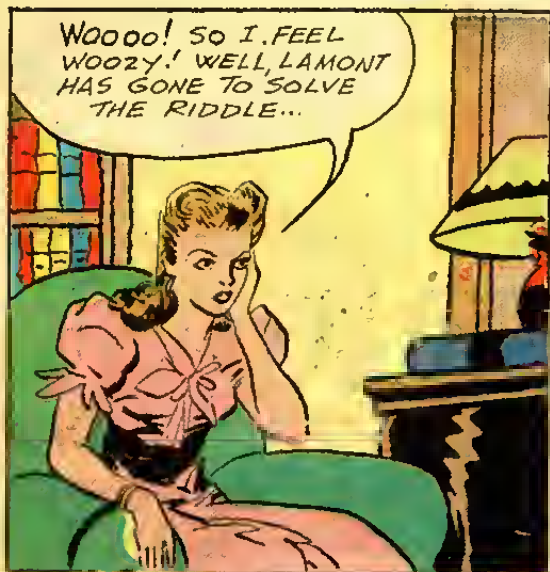




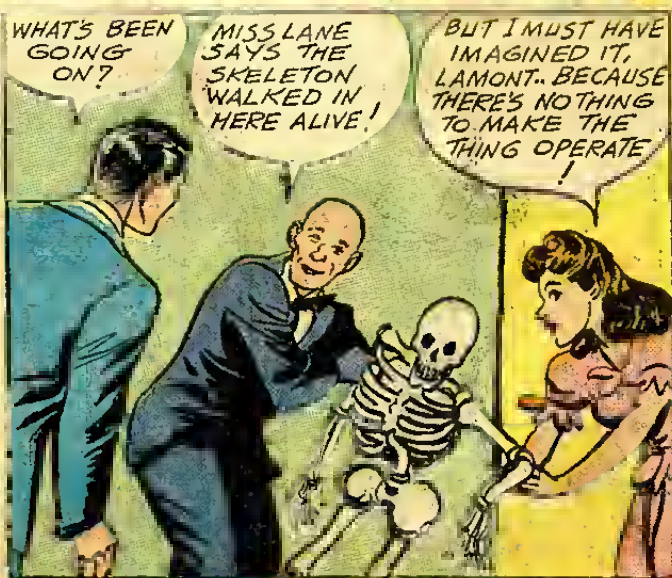
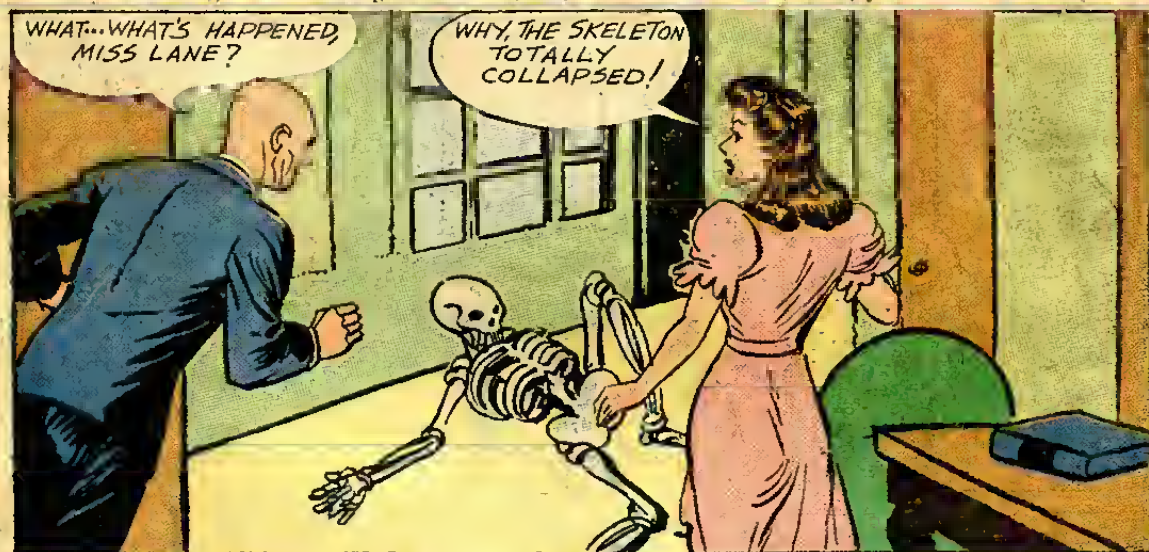
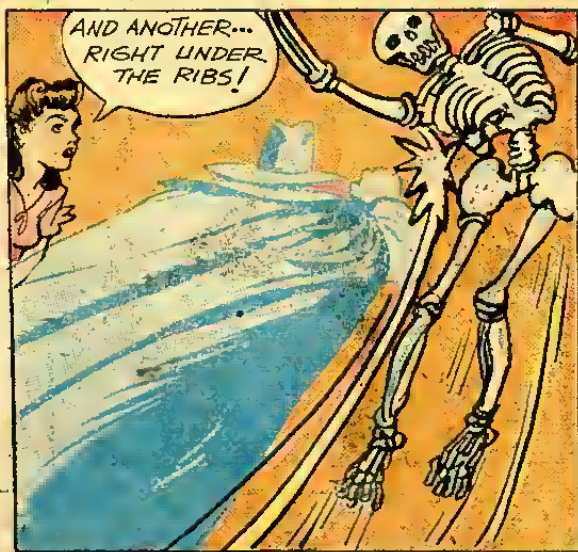
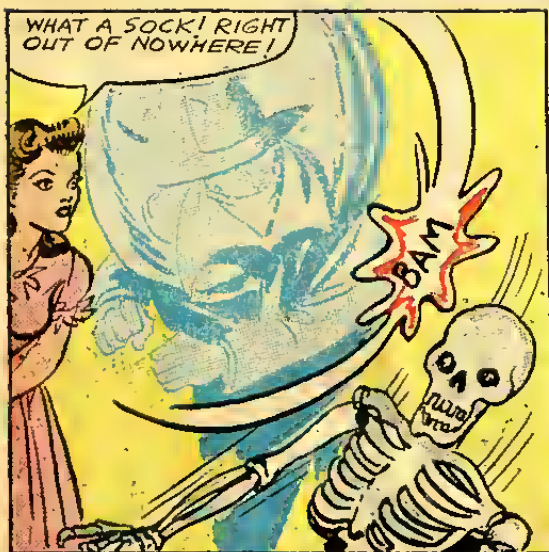




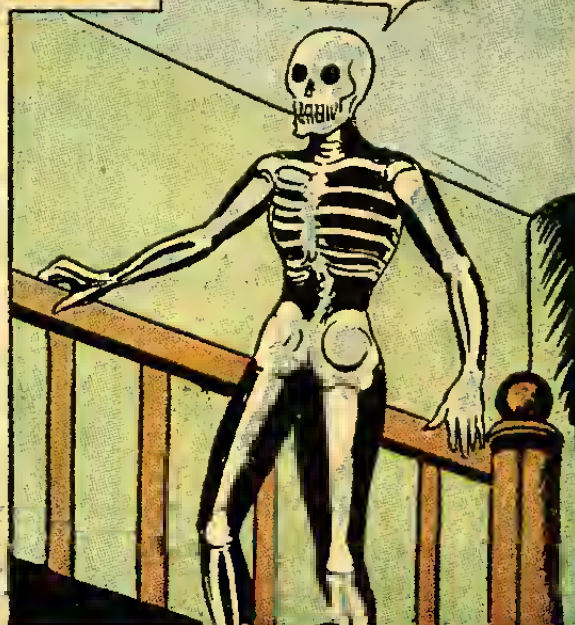
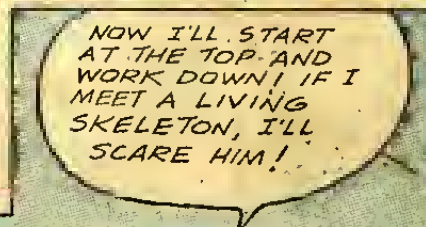
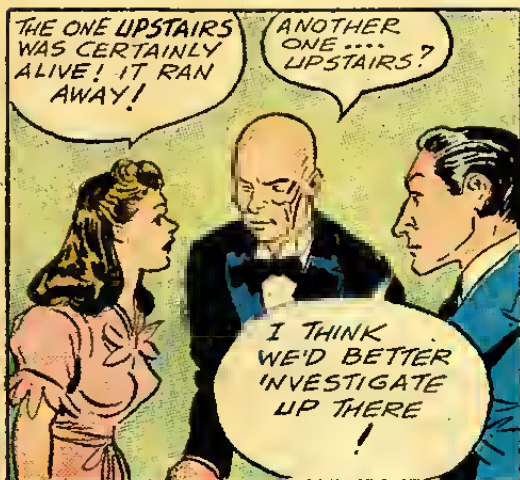




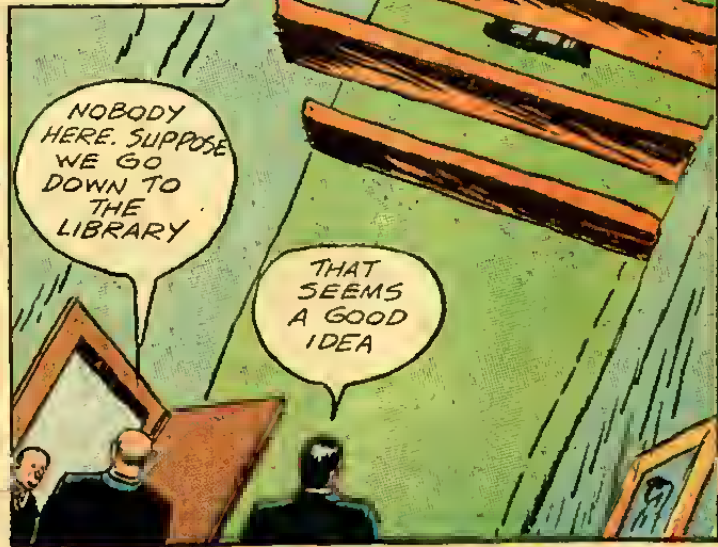














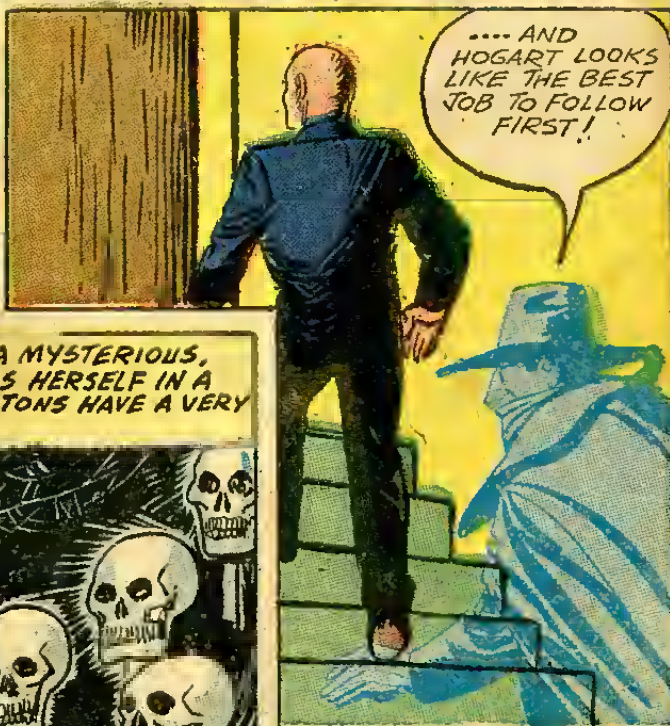


WHILE YOU RESUME YOUR READING, CRANSTON, I'LL FIND MISS LANE AND TELL HER WHERE YOU ARE!

ALRIGHT, HOGART

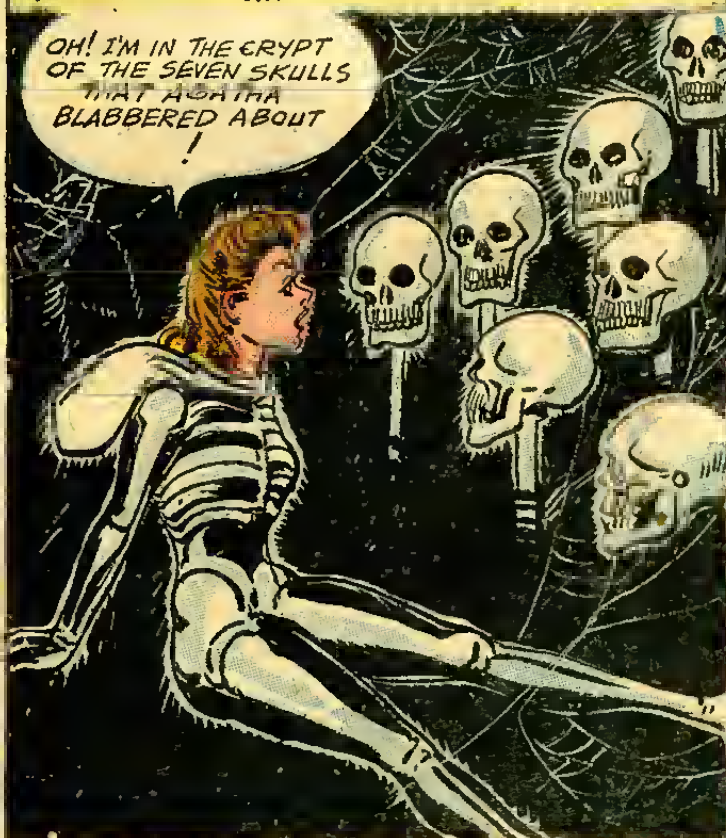


INSTEAD OF READING I'LL DO SOME ROAMING ... AS THE SHADOW!



.... AND HOGART LOOKS LIKE THE BEST JOB TO FOLLOW FIRST!

MEANWHILE, AWAKENING FROM A MYSTERIOUS, SOCKEROO, MARGO LANE FINDS HERSELF IN A SETTING WHERE PHONEY SKELETONS HAVE A VERY WEAK RATING !!!!



OH! I'M IN THE CRYPT OF THE SEVEN SKULLS THAT AGATHA BLABBERED ABOUT!



HOGART SAID THERE WASN'T SUCH A PLACE, BUT THERE IS! HOW HORRIBLE!



YES, WE ARE THE SEVEN SKULLS THIS IS OUR FAVORITE CRYPT!

JUST SHOW ME THE WAY OUT!

THERE IS NO WAY OUT... EXCEPT MADNESS!

YOU VENTURED HERE SO YOU MUST PAY THE CONSEQUENCES!

AS EVER OTHER VISITOR HAS!

YOU ARE NOT CRAZY YET... BUT YOU SOON WILL BE! WE ARE THE SEVEN SKULLS!

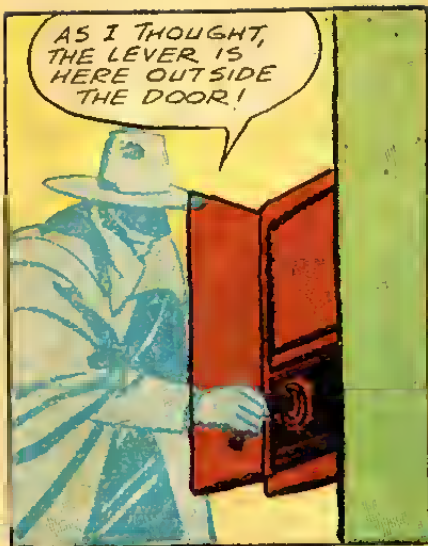
TOO BAD I AM ONLY ONE SHADOW...

I... I MUST BE CRAZY ALREADY!

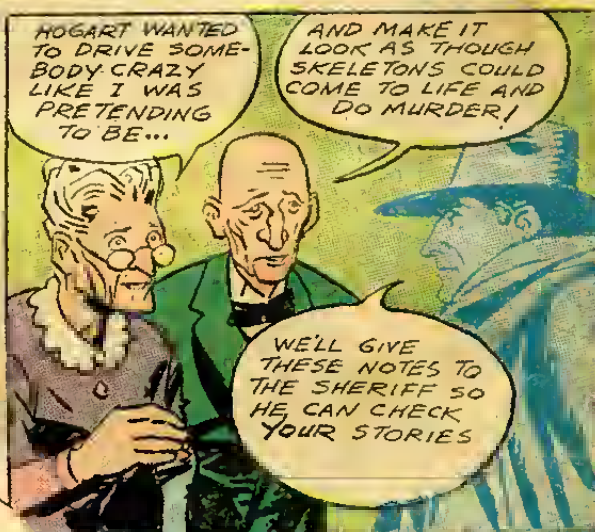
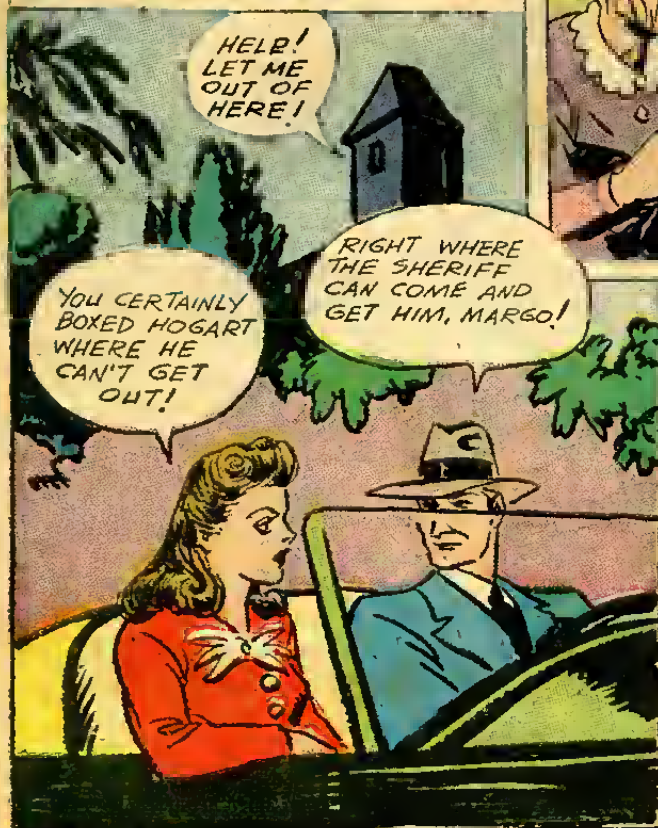
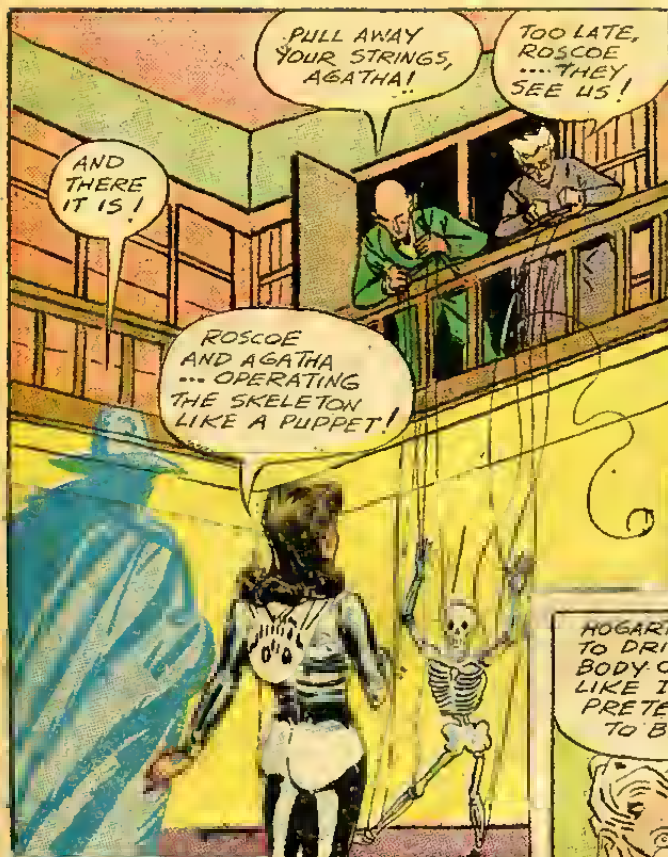
BUT I'M DOING ALRIGHT FOR ONE AGAINST SEVEN!

BAM









## THE CASE OF THE BLOODY BICYCLE

WHO DARES CROSS THE WILL OF THE MAN OF 1955 WHEN HE IS RIDING TO HIS CLUB, A LA BICYCLE, TASTES HIS TERRIBLE WRATH!

FOR A MIGHTY, MIRACULOUS, MIRTH-PROVOKING SUPERSNIPE ADVENTURE, DON'T MISS THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF

## SUPERSNIPE

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Now On Sale

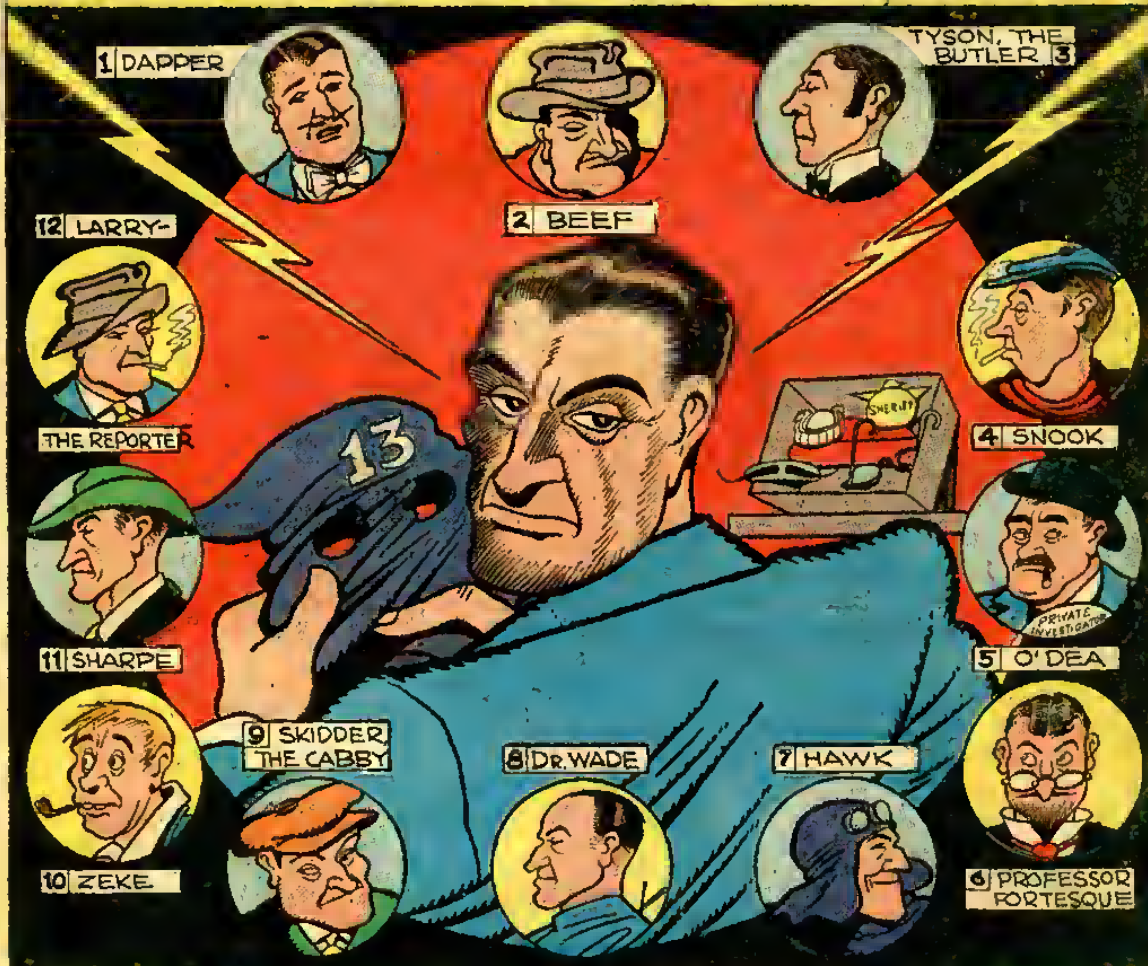




# MR. 13

CRIMELAND DOES NOT KNOW HIS IDENTITY, NOR HIS SECRETS OF DISGUISE. CROOKS CALL HIM "MR. 13" BECAUSE OF THE BAD LUCK HE BRINGS THEM.

THE MAN WITH A DOZEN DIFFERENT FACES-PLUS HIS OWN!



"MR. 13" CAN PRESS HIS FLEXIBLE FACE INTO ANY MOLD, BECOMING ANY ONE OF A DOZEN PERSONALITIES, USING ONLY TRIFLING ITEMS TO COMPLETE EACH DISGUISE. LONG TRAINING ENABLES HIM TO SHRINK OR STRETCH AS REQUIRED. HE LIVES THESE PERSONALITIES & THRU THEM, BATTLES CRIME!





GARY GRAY, (MR.13) AT HOME...

TYSON! WHERE ARE YOU?

RIGHT  
HERE,  
SIR!

GOOD FUN, BEING A VENTRILOQUIST  
AND TALKING TO AN IMAGINARY  
BUTLER! —  
BUT I CAN  
MAKE TYSON  
**REAL!**  
WATCH —

OFF WITH THE DRESSING-  
GOWN! —ON WITH  
ANOTHER FACE!

WHAT DO YOU  
WISH, MR. GRAY?

TAKE  
THOSE CHECKS  
FROM THE DESK  
AND DEPOSIT  
THEM IN THE  
BANK!

TAKING CHECKS  
AND DEPOSIT  
BOOK, MR.13  
STARTS FOR  
THE BANK  
AS "TYSON",  
THE BUTLER,  
WHO HAPPENS  
ALSO TO  
BE HIMSELF!

13  
A LADDER! EXCELLENT!  
I'LL JUST WALK UNDER IT!

NICE KITTY!  
COME! PLEASE  
CROSS MY PATH!

NATIONAL  
BANK

!?





AS MR. 13 MAKES HIS DEPOSIT ...

DIS IS A STICK-UP!

HOIST DEM MITTS!

WHAT! ON SUCH A LUCKY DAY?

THIS CALLS FOR A QUICK CHANGE! THIS BROOM WILL HELP!

GIT IN DAT CORNER—DEN TURN AROUND!

FROM "TYSON" MR. 13 BECOMES "ZEKE" THE JANITOR

HEY! WHO'S DAT GUY?

SOME GOOF! DON'T WORRY—LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

HEY! WHAT TH—

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS →

LOOK OUT! STUMBLE BUM—WHICH WAY DID DE OTHERS GO?

THAT'LL DELAY 'EM! NOW TO GET MY COAT AND MAKE A QUICK SWITCH TO FACE NO. 5—INSPECTOR O'DEA

QUIT SHOVIN—OOOF!

THE BANK GUARD COMES INTO ACTION!

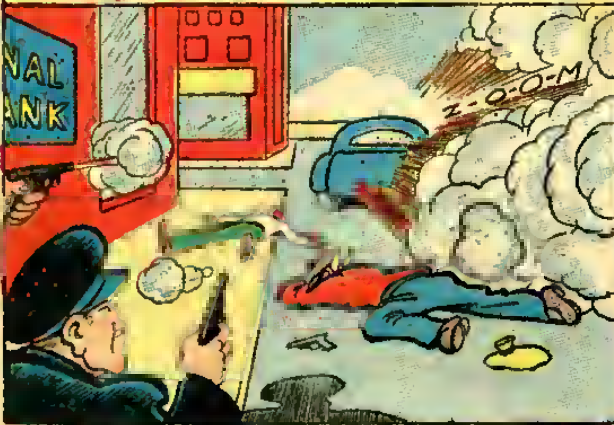
C'MON, LADS! AFTER 'EM!

YOU BETCHA, CAPTAIN!





STAMPEDED BY MR. 13, THE FLEEING CROOKS LOSE TWO OF THEIR NUMBER, THOUGH THE REST MANAGE TO ESCAPE WITH THE LOOT.



I'M INSPECTOR O'DEA, WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?

A ROBBERY, INSPECTOR!



MR. 13 APPEARS—

IT WAS THE JANITOR WHO TRIPPED 'EM!

WHAT JANITOR? HE DOESN'T COME UNTIL THREE O'CLOCK!

NEVER MIND ABOUT THE JANITOR!



AND IN THE WALLET OF THE FALLEN CROOK O'DEA FINDS...



IT CAN'T BE TH' GUYS HAT SIZE!

GIVE IT TO THE OFFICER ON THE BEAT! MEANWHILE I'LL GO AND INVESTIGATE THE CLUE!



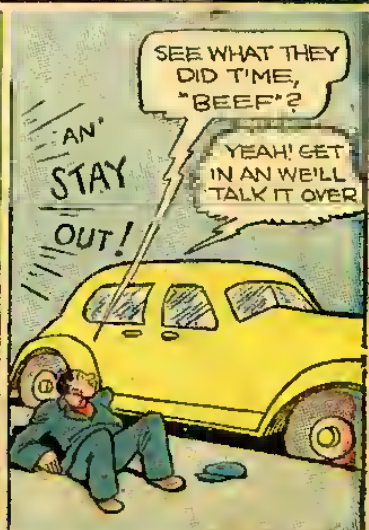
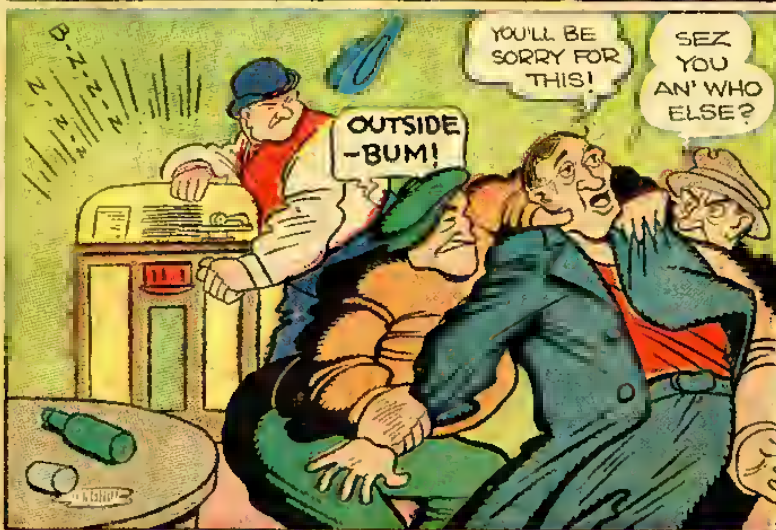
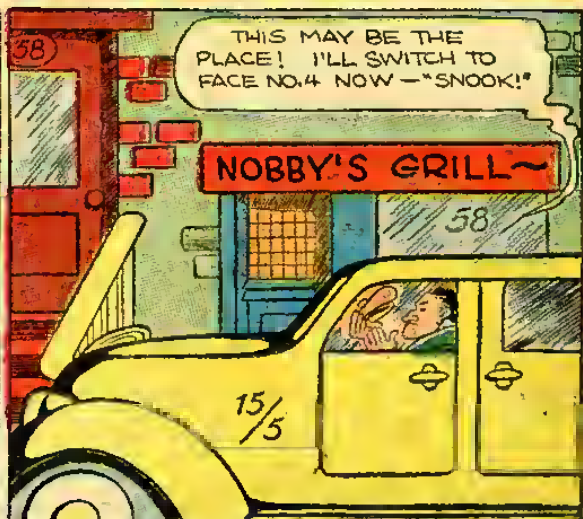
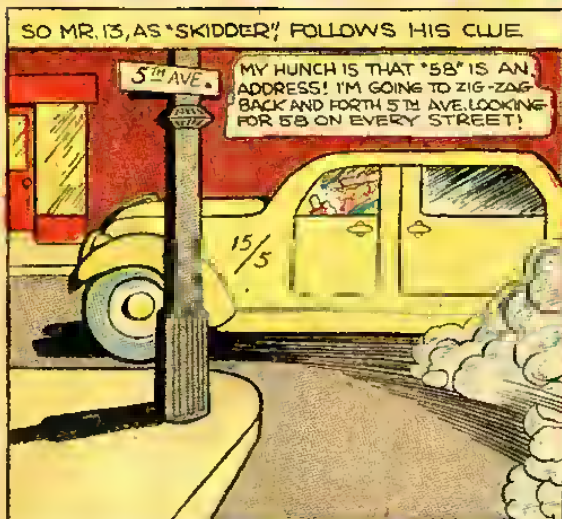
IN THE PARKING LOT WHERE HE KEEPS HIS CAB MR. 13 SWITCHES FROM O'DEA TO "SKIDDER" AND STARTS OUT TO FOLLOW THE CLUE OF THE PAPER SLIP

SO LONG, O'DEA!

GOOD LUCK, SKIDDER!











MR. 13 TALKS TO HIMSELF —

YOU'LL FIX 'EM, "BEEF!"

NOW TO SHOVE OUT TH' CHEST — AND STRETCH!

YOU BETCHA, "SNOOK"!

KEEP WATCHIN'! "SNOOK"!

O.K. "BEEF!"

SO YOU'RE THE GUYS WHO PICKED ON TH' POOR DOPE, EH?

YEAH! AN WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE DID IT?

IF YOU'LL BE MY BAY-BEE

WAS IT LIKE THIS?

ZAM

I'LL BE YOUR DA-DA!

A FEW SHOTS WILL STOP THIS GUY!

AS THE CROOKS DRAW GUNS, MR. 13 HURLS THE JUKE BOX!

LET'S SCRAM!

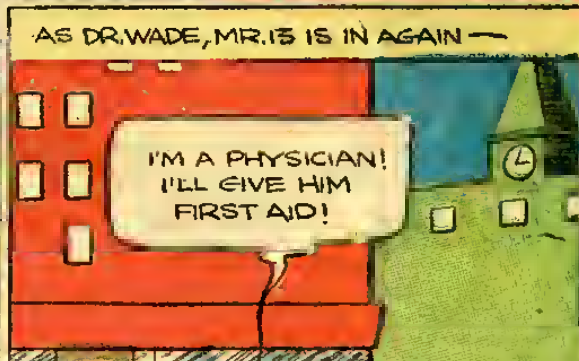
LEMME OUT!

REOWKKK

YOU GUYS ASKED FOR MUSIC — NOW TAKE IT!

THIS GUY AIN'T REAL!









WESTWOOD!  
WESTWOOD!

THAT MUST BE  
THE TOWN IN NEW  
JERSEY! —ALL I  
NEED TO KNOW!



NOW, AS "HAWK", MR. 13 TAKES OFF BY GLIDER

NOTHING LIKE A  
GLIDER TRIP FOR  
REAL GOOD FUN!

YOU'LL  
FIND THE  
GOING GOOD  
OVER JERSEY,  
"HAWK"!



AND FROM A GLIDER I CAN  
GET A DETAILED VIEW OF THE  
WESTWOOD AREA—HMM, THAT  
ABANDONED FARM LOOKS  
INTERESTING!

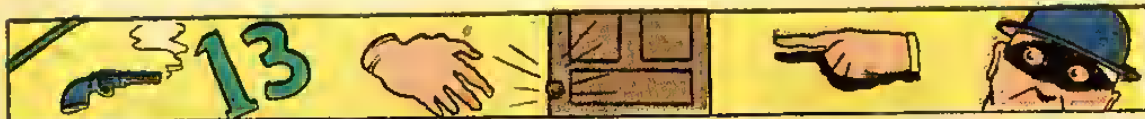


AFTER THE GLIDER TRIP — AS  
"DAPPER" MR. 13 ARRIVES AT THE  
FASHIONABLE WESTWOOD INN

ANOTHER TRAVELING  
SALESMAN!

YES SIR! SAMPLE  
BAG AND ALL!





A REGULAR SALESMAN WOULD NOT BE HANDLING PORTABLE BUTTERFLY NETS! I'LL WRAP THIS SO NO ONE WILL SEE IT!



AFTER LEAVING THE HOTEL AS "DAPPER", MR. 13 DRIVES OVER BY THE OLD FARM TO BECOME "PROF. FORTESQUE", THE ABSENT-MINDED NATURALIST



ALRIGHT, PROF, THIS IS WHERE YOU START!

THEN STEP BACK HERE, "DAPPER", SO YOU CAN BECOME ME!



HAPPY HUNTING, PROF.!

WAIT AND SEE THE BUGS I BRING BACK, "DAPPER"!



HERE'S LUCK! I'LL SHUFFLE RIGHT INTO THAT BARN!

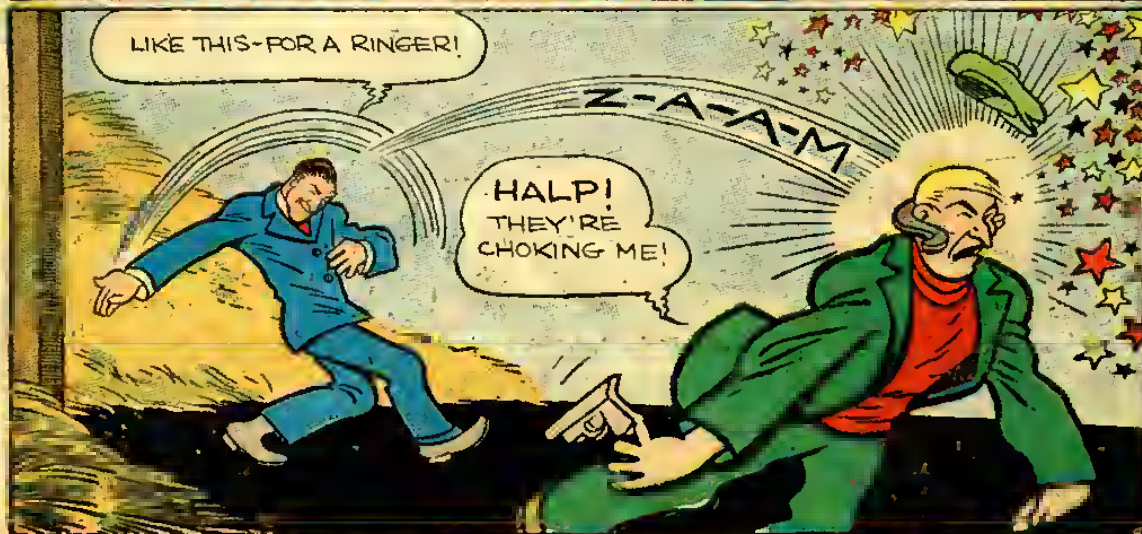
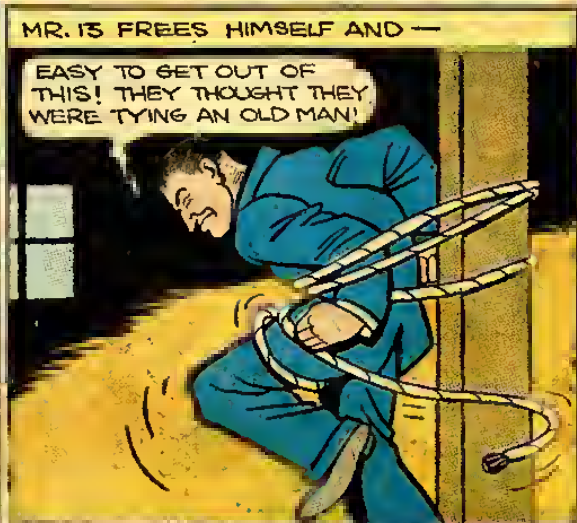
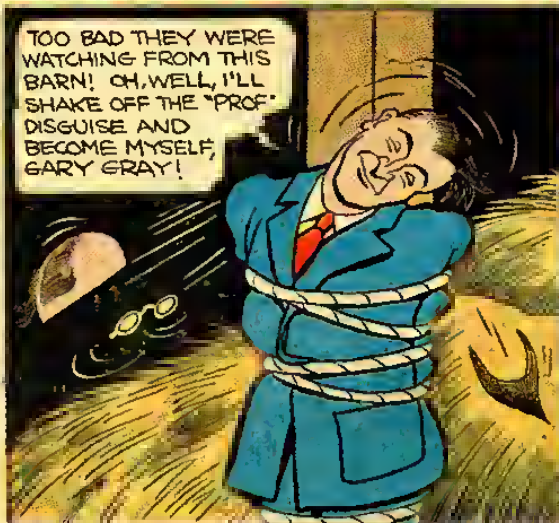


WISE GUY, HUH?

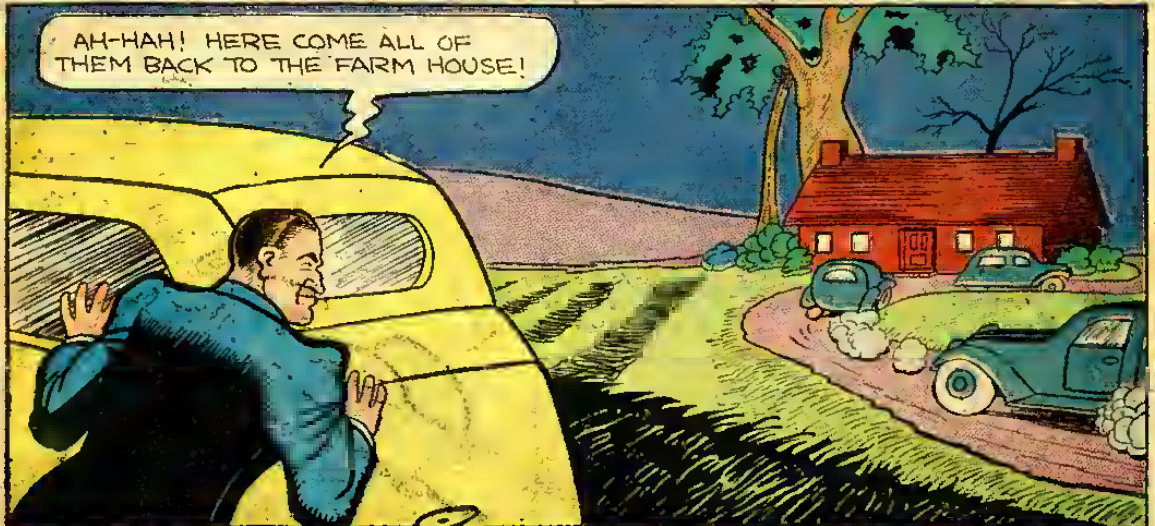
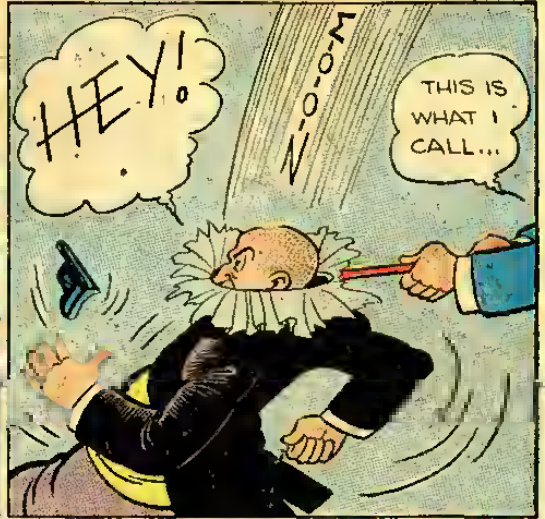
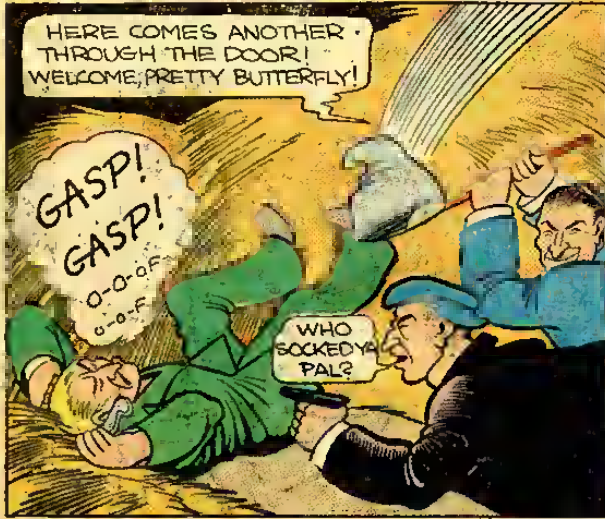
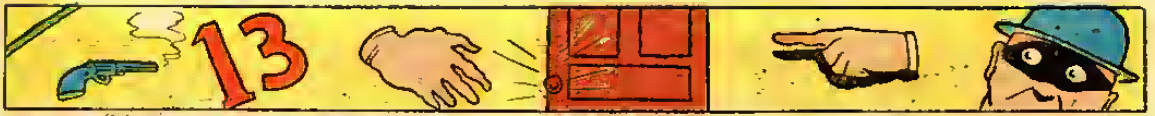
TRYIN' T' KID US WID DAT BUTTERFLY STUFF! -STICK 'EM UP!

TIE HIM UP 'TIL THE REST GETS HERE!

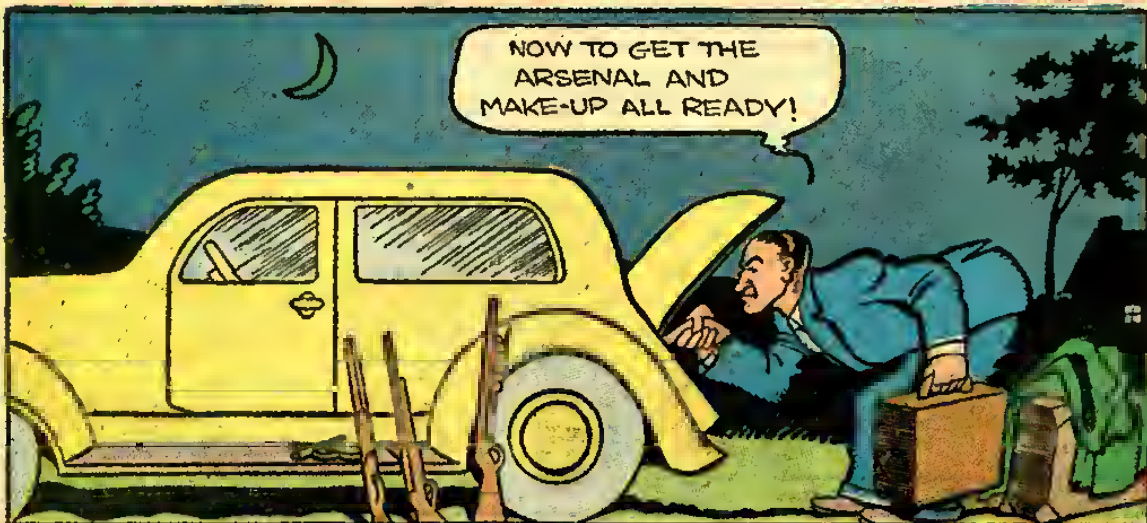




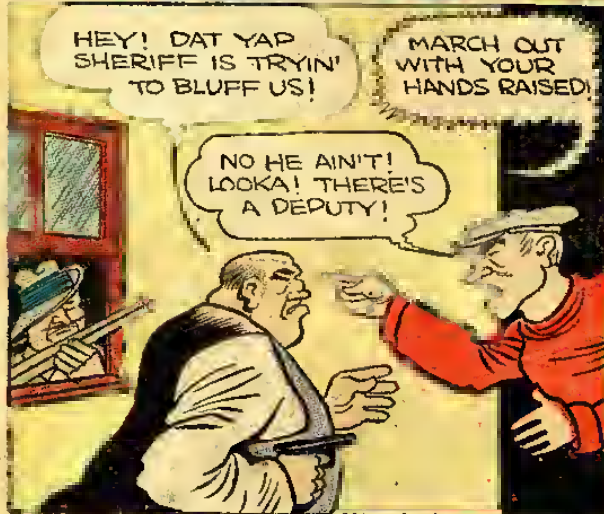
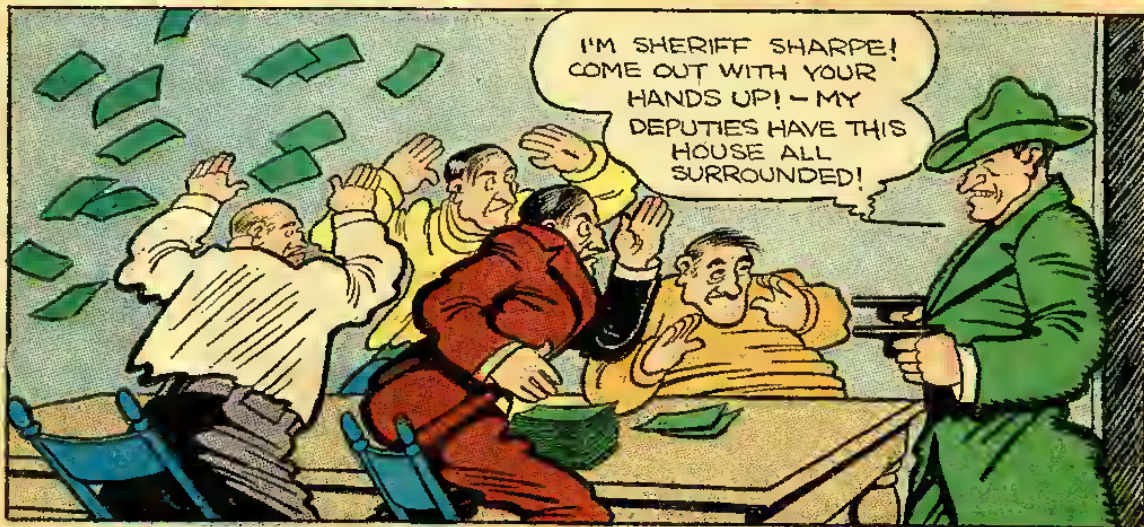




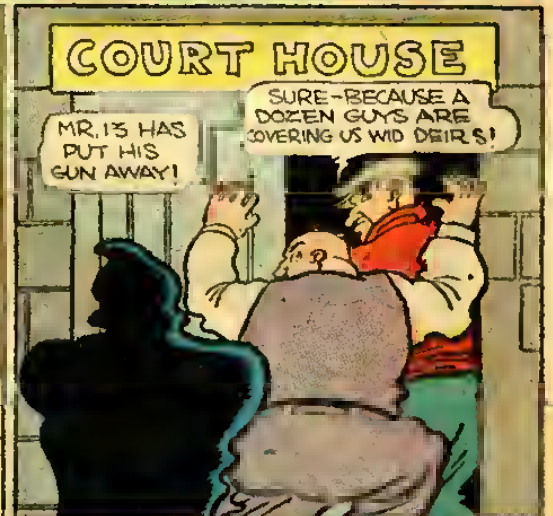








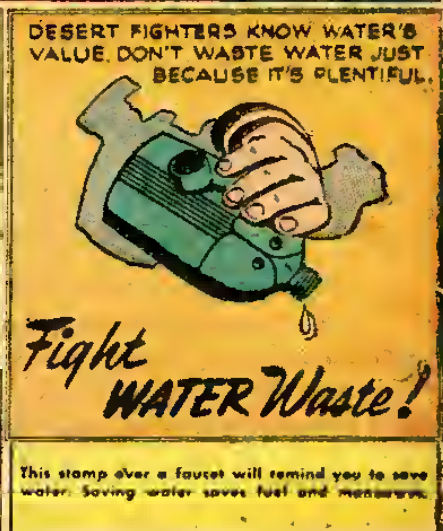
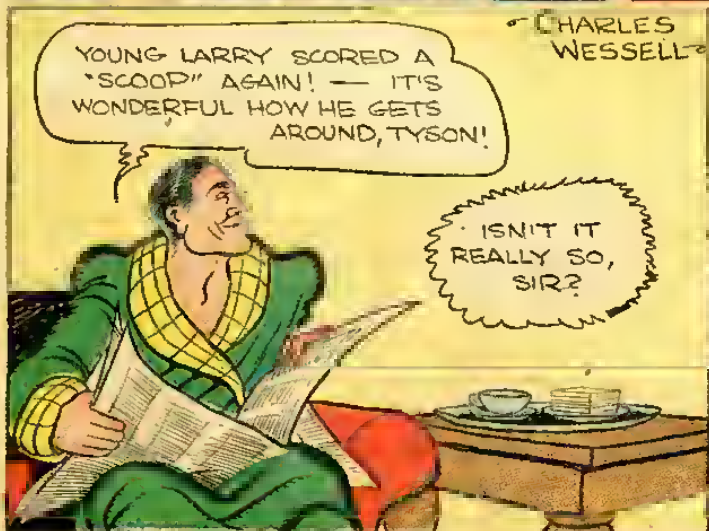
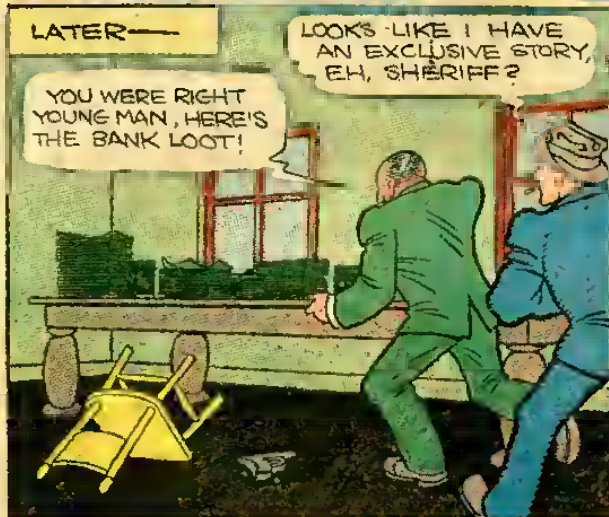




HERDED BY MR. 13 THE BANK ROBBERS ARRIVE IN THE COUNTY COURT HOUSE TO BE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE REAL SHERIFF







This stamp over a faucet will remind you to save water. Saving water saves fuel and manpower.



# Sinner Circle



## NICK CARTER TAKES OVER THE INNER CIRCLE!!



"that he intended to tell you about a case in which I was involved to a small degree. Chick quite romantically called the case, 'The Shades of Night.'"

Beef wiggled his toes inside his shoes in excitement. Never in his wildest dreams had he thought that the day would come when he'd hear Nick Carter give all the inside dope on a case. Beef listened. He was all ears, as were all the rest of the members of the Inner Circle.

For once there was no horseplay as the meeting of the Inner Circle came to order. All the members were too much in awe of their new chairman. The new chairman cleared his throat and said, "Fellow members, I suppose you all know that Chick has been accepted as a member of the Air Cadets. Before he left to help Uncle Sam in a new way, he gave me an idea of some of the things which he has taught you. I think that the idea behind this organization, the Inner Circle, is so important that it warrants my trying to take over Chick's job. I'll do my best to try to fill his boots, if I can."

Chick would have smiled had he been there at the idea of his famous foster-father Nick Carter, having any trouble in doing Chick's work. But it was like the man who, for all his fame, as one of the master man hunters of all time had not ever lost his real modesty.

Nick fingered the white carnation in his buttonhole and said, "As all of you probably know, one of the most peculiar jobs that a man can do for his country is to become a counter-espionage agent. That's a pretty long way of saying "counter-spy" but that's what it means. It also means one of the dirtiest, most thankless tasks in the world. A counter-spy works to dig out and get rid of spies. But that is only part of the job. The worst thing is that counter-espionage is very delicate work. The counter-spy works outside the law and if he is caught, he can look for no help from his government! Let's say the circumstances of a case are such that a counter-spy is forced to kill a spy."

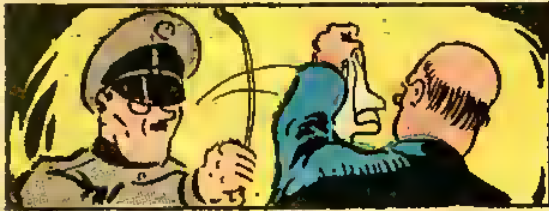
Nick paused, then went on. "Remember, the counter-spy has just as much right to deal out death as does a soldier on a battle

"I find in Chick's notes," continued Nick,



field. Nevertheless if he is caught by the authorities, he goes to the electric chair or whatever the means of death is in the country in which he is operating."

"I was in Portugal," said Nick, "and that's a hangout for every international spy in the world. It's a sort of haven for them because Portugal is a neutral. I can't tell you why I was there. Perhaps later on, after the war, I'll be able to tell you that story, but in the course of my case I ran across a man who was known as Von Bierstat. If you have ever seen Eric Von Stroheim in the movies you can picture Von Bierstat, for he was the same type. From his short cropped hair and his monocled eye down to his highly polished boots he was the perfect German officer. Arrogant, conceited, overbearing, well, he had the chin you'd love to touch. With a brick."



"One night, when I was brooding over the trouble I was having with my own case I saw Von Bierstat get into an argument with a waiter in a restaurant in which I was waiting. The waiter spoke back to him and there was a very unpleasant scene. It wound up with Von Bierstat slashing at the waiter with his riding crop. The waiter lifted his serving cloth to his face as a sort of shield. I jumped up to interfere when I saw a strange thing happen."

There was not a single sound from the members. If that person, who is always so anxious to drop a pin, had been there, he could have dropped it and it would have sounded like a crow bar. Everyone was on the edge of their seat as Nick went on.

"Von Bierstat dropped his monocle! As he bent down to pick it up I saw something drop out from under the cloth that the waiter still held up in front of him. Whatever it was that dropped, was white. I saw Von Bierstat pick it up as he retrieved his monocle. I was the only one in the restaurant that was at the right angle to see this."

Nick took a drink of water. He was a little embarrassed by the hero worshipping glances the members were according him. Nick wondered uneasily how Frank Sinatra was able to stand it.

"Immediately after this, the manager of the place came over; the waiter apologized and Von Bierstat left. I got up to follow him and I wish I had been able to. For I might have been able to prevent a tragedy. But it was not to be. I saw the man I had been waiting for in regard to my own case and I had to go after him. I didn't get back to my hotel until late that night. I was going up to my own room when I remembered that Von Bierstat was in the same hotel.

"I went to his door and stood outside it. I listened. There was not a sound. I kneeled down and looked through the key hole. What I saw brought me to my feet in a hurry. I yelled for the hotel manager and opened the door. It was even worse than my curtailed glance through the key-hole had led me to think."

"The room was a shambles; it had been literally torn to pieces. Someone had searched that room more thoroughly than I have ever seen a room searched, and I've done some searching in my time. In the center of the floor, as dead as I hope Hitler soon will be, lay Von Bierstat. A dagger had been driven through his heart. The hotel manager was behind me breathing on my neck and cursing the evil fate that had brought this disgrace and trouble to his beautiful, innocent, hotel. Innocent! It was crawling with spies and counter-spies of every country in the world!

"He was still behind me, as I stepped to Von Bierstat's desk. A scrawled note lay there. It read: 'See here, aré devil's evil?' The letters were blurred with blood. He had written it with his last dying strength."

Nick could see the frowns of concentration as the members tried to puzzle out the meaning of the cryptic sentence.

"The police were called," said Nick, "and finally just before dawn I managed to crawl into bed. I was really dog tired and as I relaxed in bed I hoped to be able to sleep at least a couple of hours before I had to get going again. Instead, that blasted line kept going over and over through my tired



brain. "See here, are devil's evil?" Over and over, till I thought I'd crack up if I didn't get some rest. Finally, in desperation, I got up. I wrote the letters of the note down on a sheet of paper. I figured out every code I could think of, but to no avail.

"Finally a thought struck me. Why had Von Bierstat, a German, written his last words in English? That'll show how stupid with fatigue I was. The thought should have occurred to me at once! Once I began to think *logically*, I began to make some progress. I reconstructed the crime as I thought it had happened. In the first place, whoever had killed Von Bierstat, had done it in order to get something. That was obvious from the way the room had been searched. In the second place, if they were looking for something they wouldn't have left a clue like the note, for anyone to find. Therefore Von Bierstat must have pretended to be dead until his killers left the room and then, with one final burst of strength, written the note. A dying man, I reasoned, would not have had the energy to have used a very complex code. In all probability he had merely wanted to keep his secret from whoever found his body. In the ordinary course of events, that would have been a hotel employee."

Chick had told the members of what he called "the sheer beauty of Nick's deductive powers," but this was the first time they had had an opportunity to follow Nick's mind at work. They were enthralled.

Nick said, "Once I realized that, why the meaning of 'See here, are devil's evil?' became quite plain.

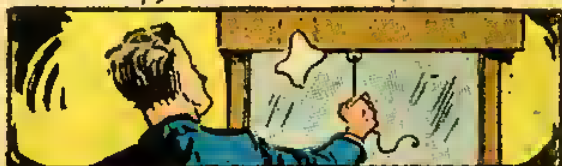
"I dressed hurriedly and went to Von Bierstat's room. I closed the door behind me and went to the window. I pulled down the window shade. As I did so a piece of paper fluttered to the ground from its hiding place. Von Bierstat had merely pulled the shade down, placed the paper on the shade and then let the shade roll up again.

"As I reached for the precious piece of paper which Von Bierstat had given up his life to protect, a harsh, guttural, voice barked, 'Don't move. A man stepped from the closet. He had a gun in his hand.

"I straightened up," said Nick, "with the paper in my hand. My back was to Von Bierstat's desk. I held the piece of paper out towards the gunman and at the same time let my other hand go behind me casually. The man reached for the paper

"As he did so, my fingers curled around a paperweight. His attention was all on the paper. I whipped the paperweight around in front of me and down on his gun hand. He screamed with pain as the weight broke his wrist.

"That was about all there was to it." Nick said casually. "The authorities were very glad to get their hands on the man, because he had left his finger prints on the death knife. He couldn't say anything about the piece of paper because he was a German spy."



"But," asked Beef as Nick paused, "then who was Von Bierstat?"

"Oh," said Nick, "I thought you realized why he wrote the note in English. Von Bierstat was an American counter-espionage agent. He died a hero's death and no one will know it until peace is declared. Incidentally, the contents of that piece of paper will hurry the day of peace. He did not die in vain."

Beef gulped over the fate of an American hero. But even emotion can't silence Beef very long. He asked, "What was the hidden message in the note?"

Nick turned to the blackboard and wrote out the message with a piece of chalk. "I told you it was very simple."

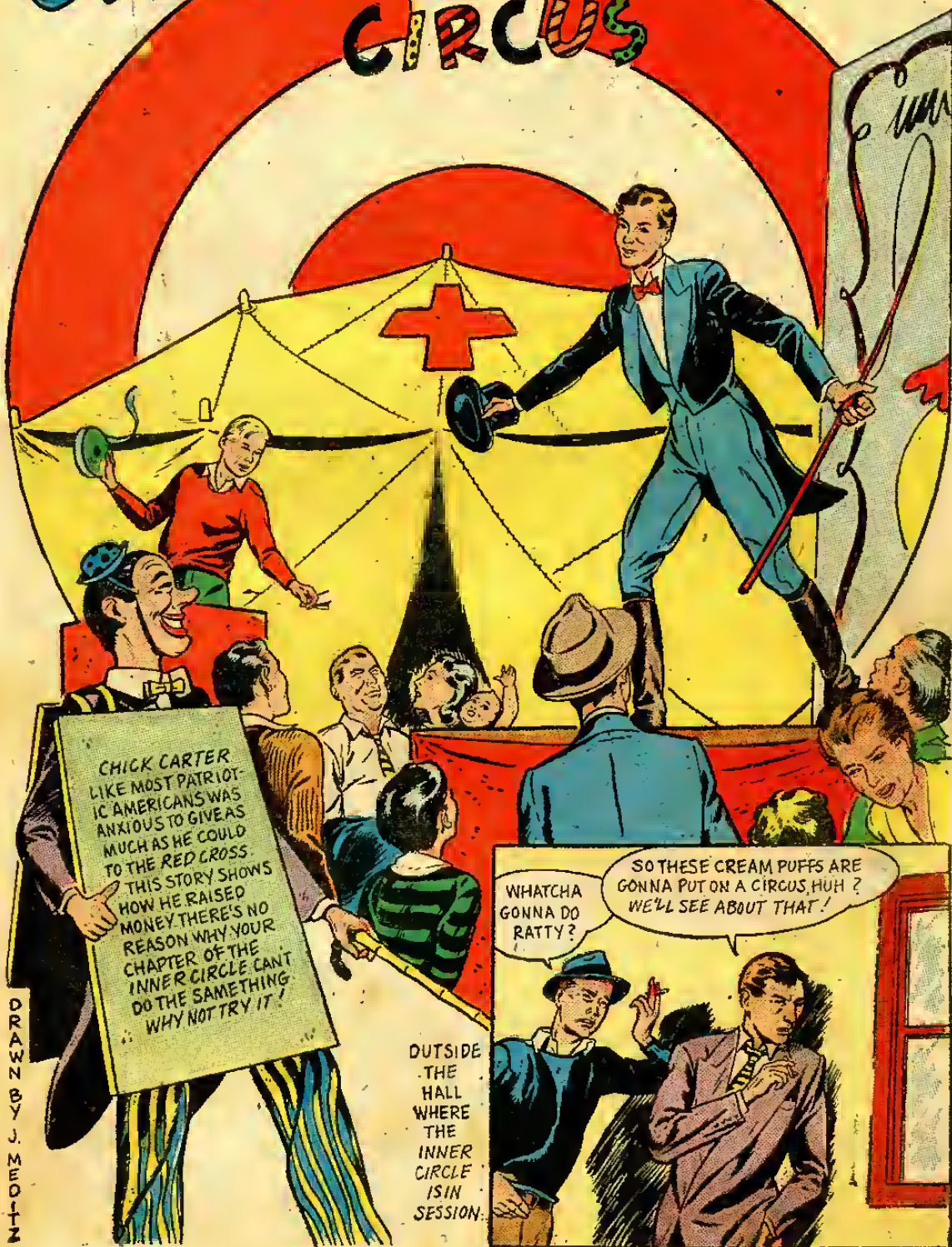
Nick underlined the first letter of each word. Like this. "See here, are devil's evil?" Everyone nodded their heads as they read "Shade."

Nick picked up his black Homburg hat and adjusted it to his head at a jaunty, devil-may-care angle. "I've got to run, now." He said. "But I'll see you all next month. I hope. If I'm still in one piece. So long."

Nick waved goodbye and was gone, leaving the members to wait impatiently till his return.



# CHICK CARTER'S CIRCUS



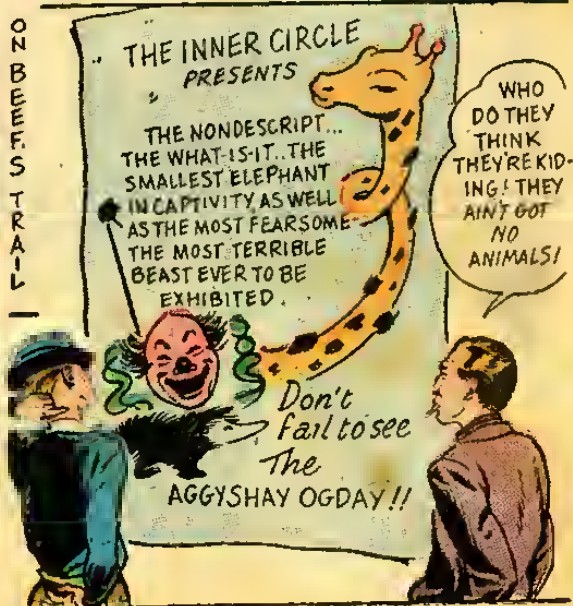
DRAWN BY J. MEDITZ

OUTSIDE  
THE  
HALL  
WHERE  
THE  
INNER  
CIRCLE  
IS IN  
SESSION.





TWO DAYS LATER BEEF "PAPERS THE TOWN"...

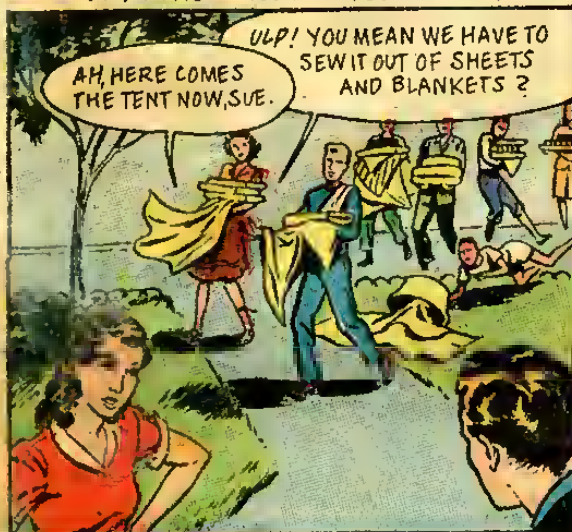




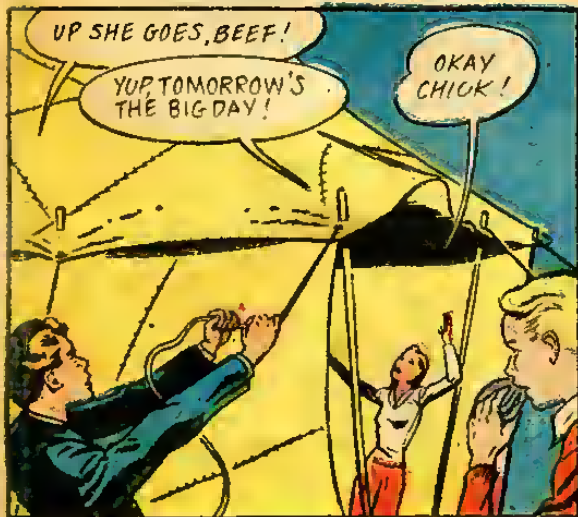
CHICK WORKS ON THE WILD ANIMAL PROBLEM...



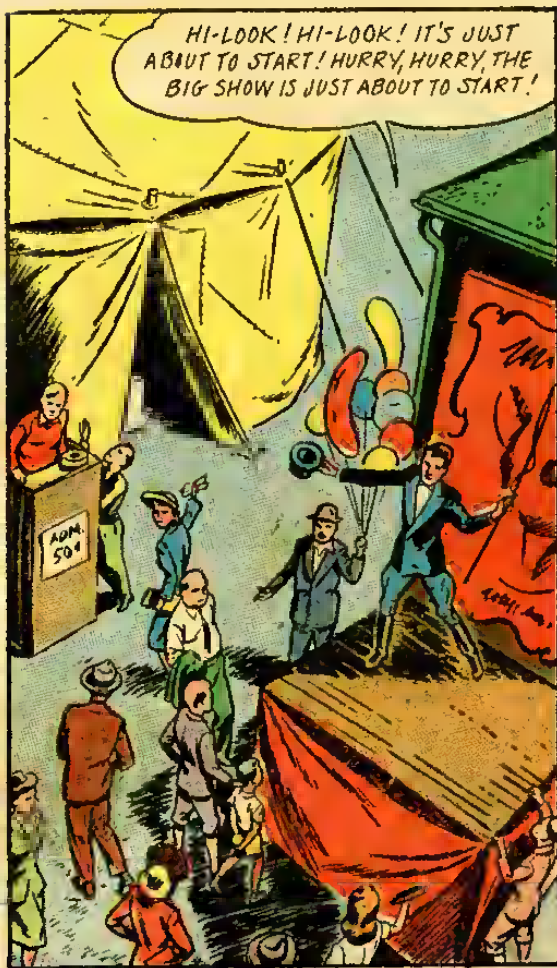
EVERY ATTIC IN TOWN IS LOOTED...



IT'S HARD WORK BUT FINALLY...



WEEKS OF PREPARATION, OF REHEARSAL AND REAL MANUAL LABOR COME TO AN END...

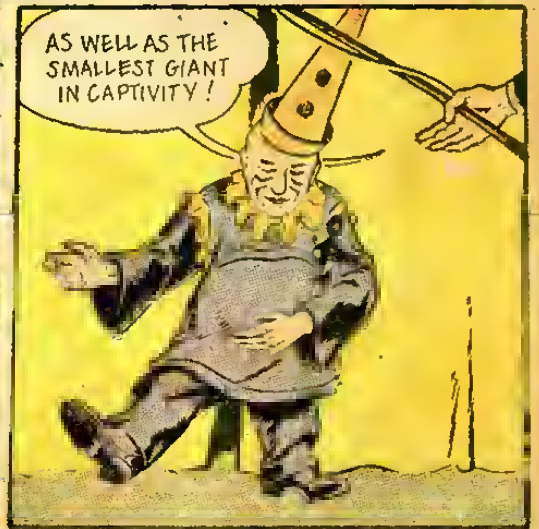




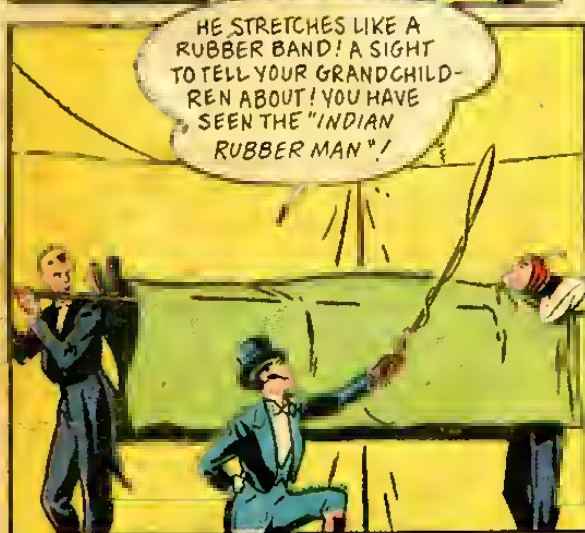
THE TWO HOODLUMS ACT QUICKLY.....



RINGMASTER CHICK CARTER!





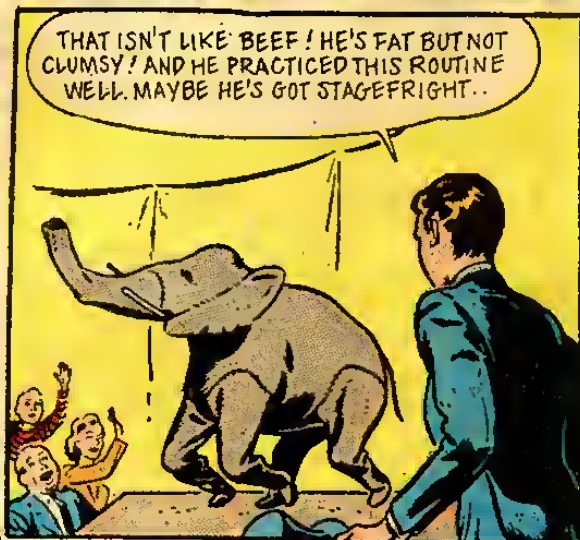
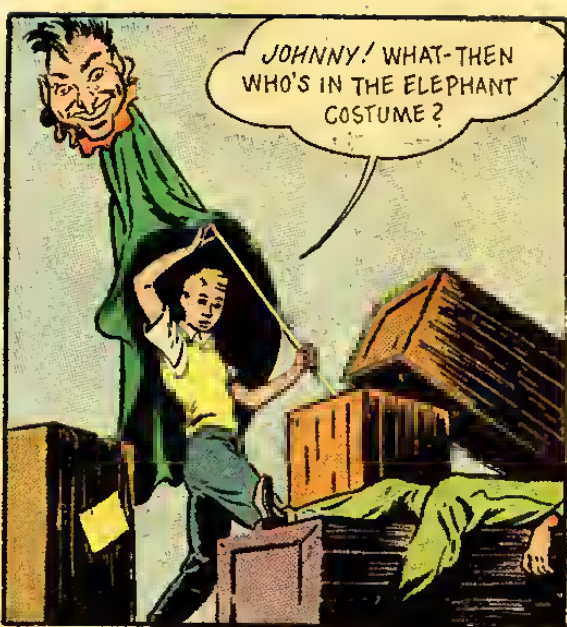




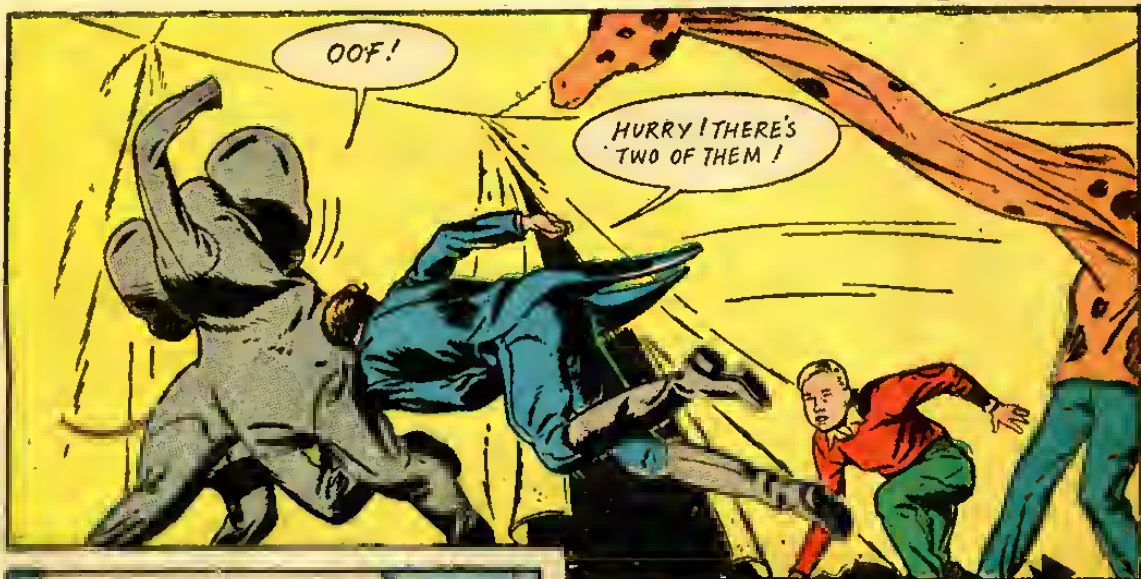
BEHIND THE SCENES...



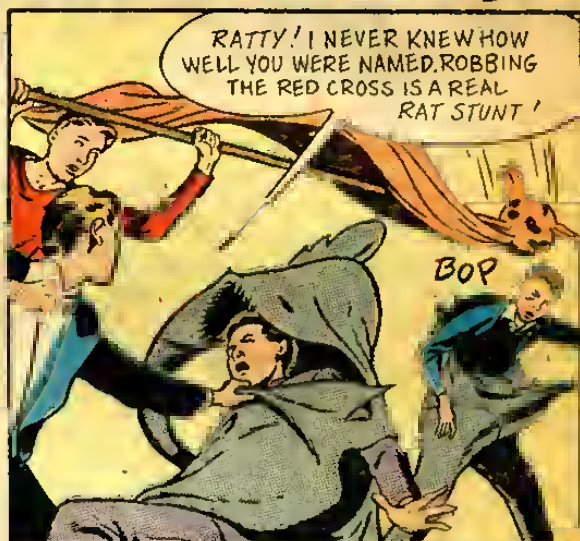








THE AUDIENCE AGREED THE SHOW WAS WELL WORTH THE MONEY - ESPECIALLY THE FIGHT!



## TO END THE WAR!

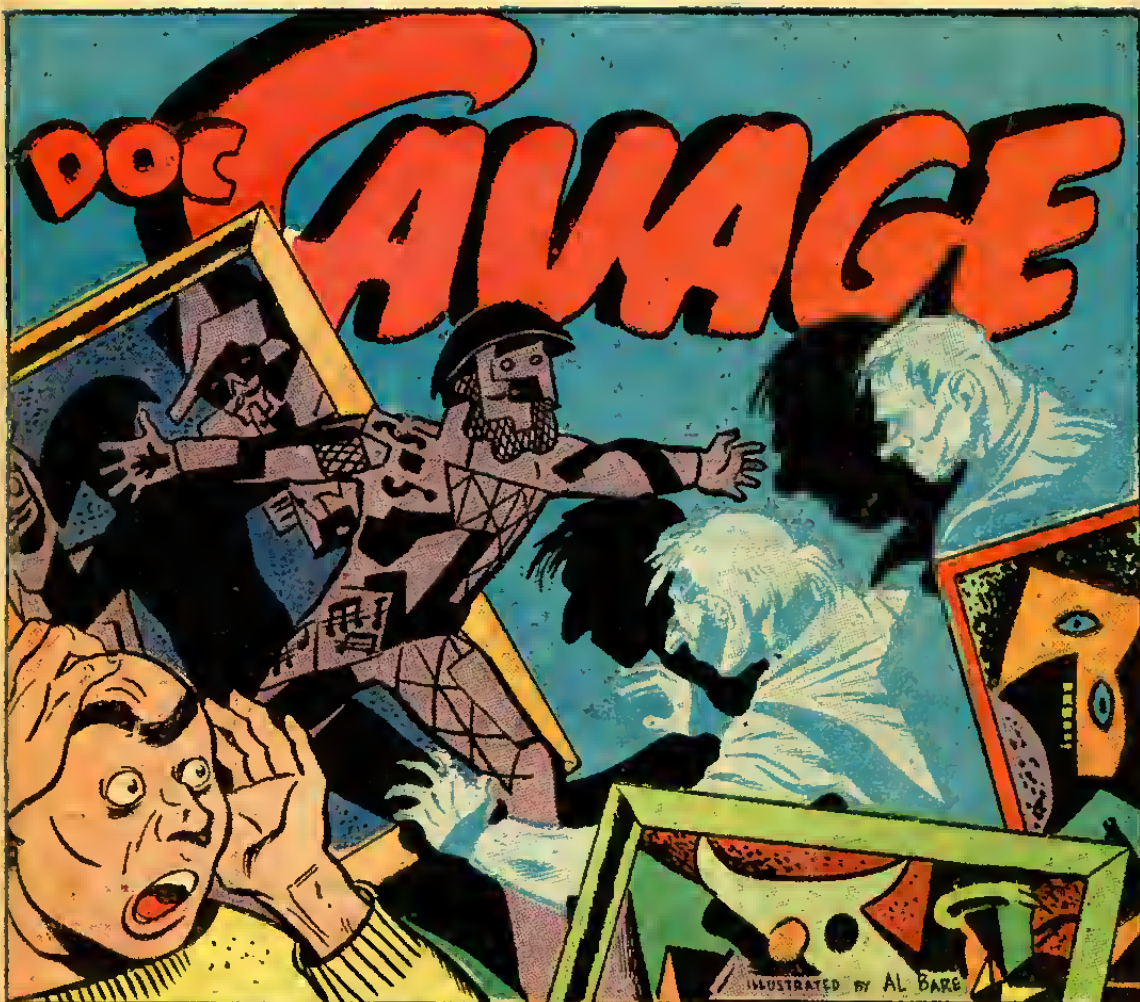
How much is it worth to you to bring home your brother, your father, your best friend?

Every bond you buy brings the day closer — the day when he'll come back.

BUY WAR BONDS

TODAY!





**B**LACK--BLACK AS SIN --BLACK AS THE DEVIL'S SOUL--  
ALWAYS, BLACK HAS STOOD FOR EVIL. BUT NEVER BEFORE  
IN CRIME'S HISTORY HAS BLACK STOOD FOR INVISIBILITY!  
HERE'S THE STORY OF A VILLAIN TOO BLACK TO BE SEEN !!!

**T**WO OF HISTORY'S ACE CRIME FIGHTERS ....

I'LL BE BACK IN TWO MONTHS -  
IF I COME BACK FROM JAPAN ...  
KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS IN THE  
MEANWHILE, DOC.

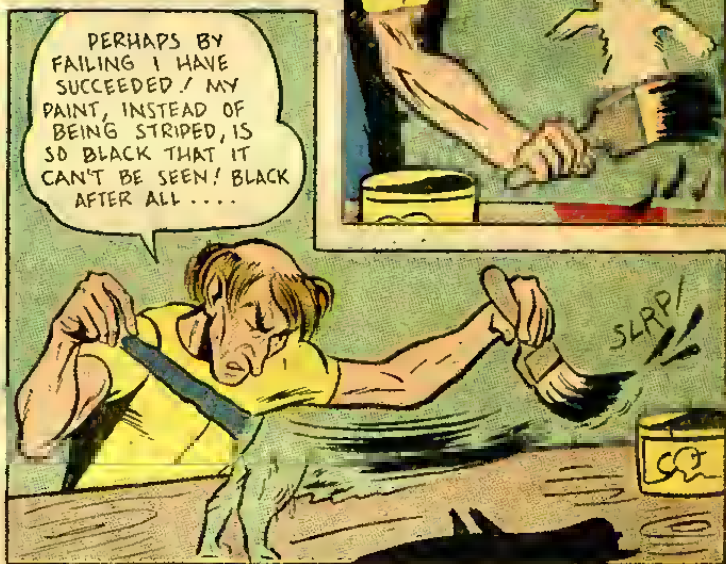
YOU BET  
I WILL,  
SHADOW.

THE SHADOW IS A GREAT  
GUY, AIN'T HE, DOC?

YOU CAN SAY  
THAT AGAIN! COME  
ON BACK TO THE LAB.  
ANYTHING IS LIABLE  
TO HAPPEN WITH  
THE SHADOW AWAY!









SCREAMING HEADLINES TELL  
A STRANGE STORY....

"HAS THE SHADOW TURNED  
CROOKED? INVISIBLE THIEF  
LOOTS 12TH NATIONAL BANK?"  
WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE  
IS THIS?

WHY, I'LL TAKE  
THAT REPORTER AND  
PIN HIS TONGUE TO HIS  
FLAPPING EARS!

YOU WON'T DIG THE  
INVISIBLE THIEF OUT  
OF YOUR HEAD, MONK!

NO. I THINK I HAD  
BETTER WORK ON THAT  
LET ME SEE. HOW CAN A  
MAN BECOME INVISIBLE?  
THERE'S THE SHADOW'S METHOD.  
NO, THAT'S OUT. BUT AN  
ULTRA BLACK  
PAINT.

A BLACK THAT ABSORBED ALL  
LIGHT MIGHT DO IT, BUT IT WOULD  
TAKE YEARS OF EXPERIMENTATION  
AND THEN IT WOULD ONLY BE BY  
LUCK THAT YOU'D FIND IT.

PERHAPS IF YOU  
BEND LIGHT AROUND  
AN OBJECT, IT MIGHT  
BECOME INVISIBLE.

LIKE A  
MAGICIAN,  
HUH, DOC?

IT DOES!

THE NERVE  
OF HIM! I

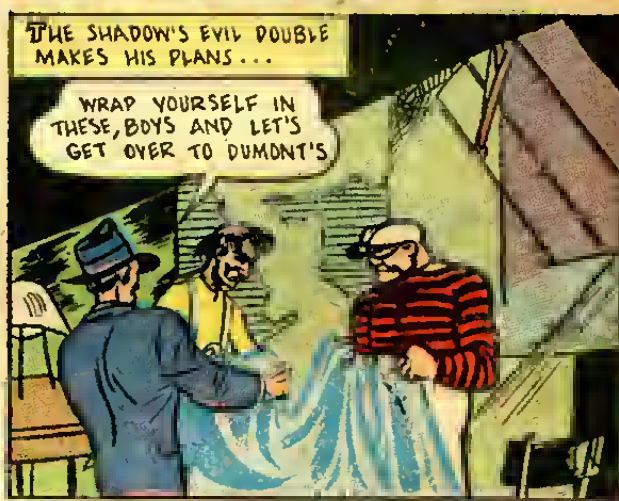
DON'T CARE IF HE IS THE  
SHADOW! I WANT YOU  
TO SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT!

BUT WE  
CAN'T SEE  
HIM!

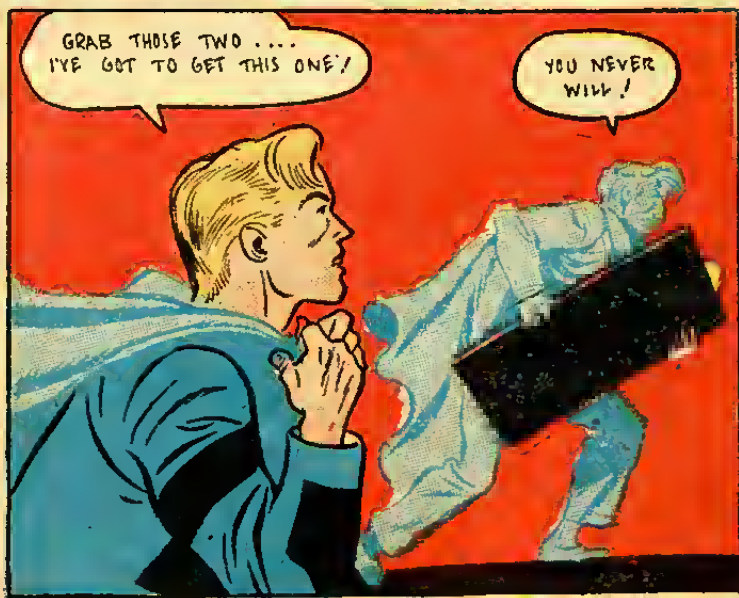
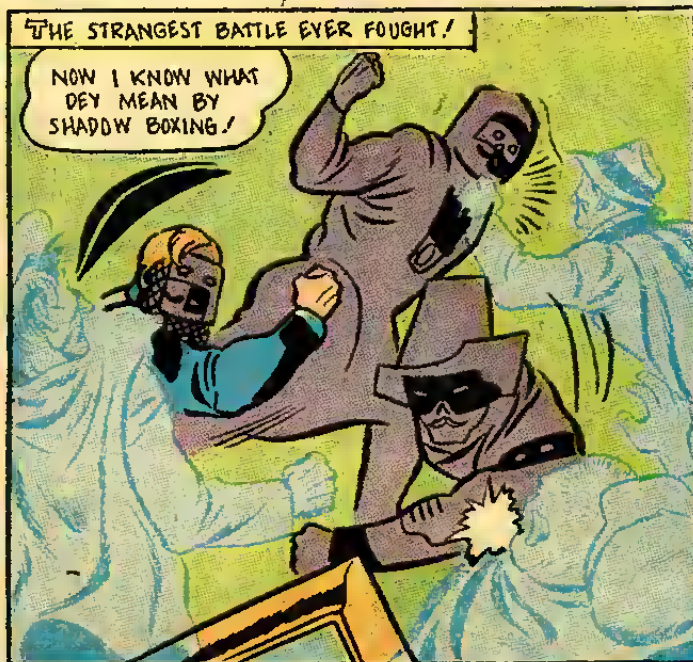
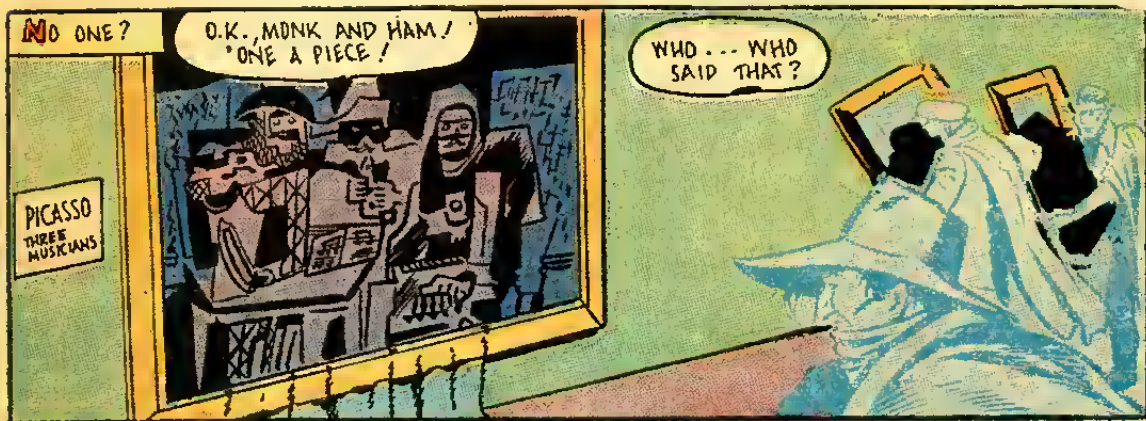
WHILE DOC WRACKS HIS BRAINS.

THIS IS GETTING BORING.  
IT'S TOO EASY. I THINK  
I'LL GET A GANG TO-  
GETHER AND BE A  
MASTER CRIMINAL. I'LL  
CHALLENGE THE  
POLICE. THAT'LL  
ANNODY THEM!

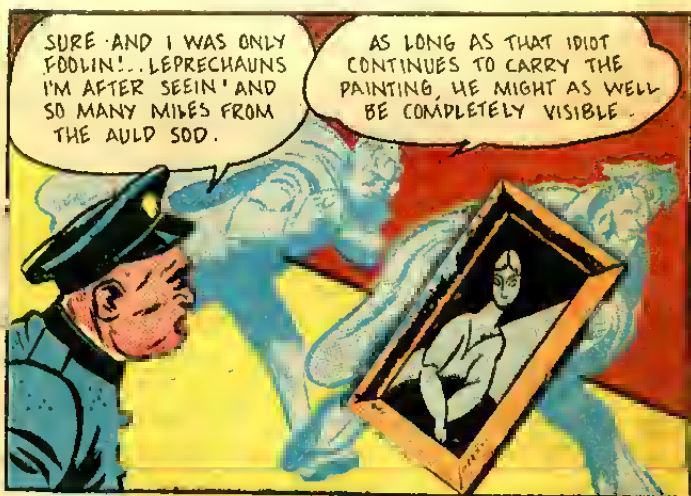




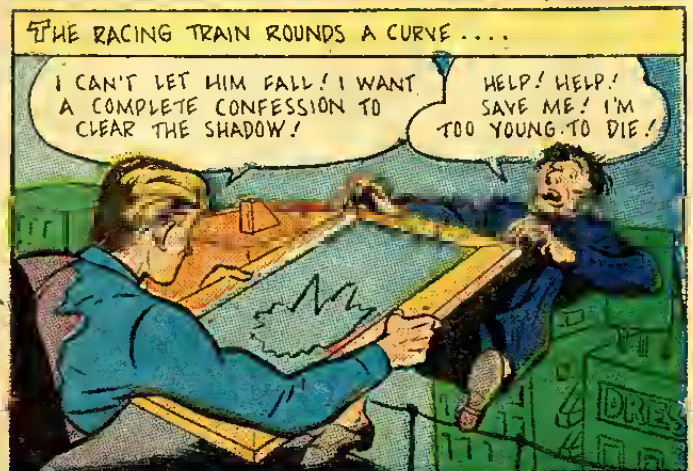
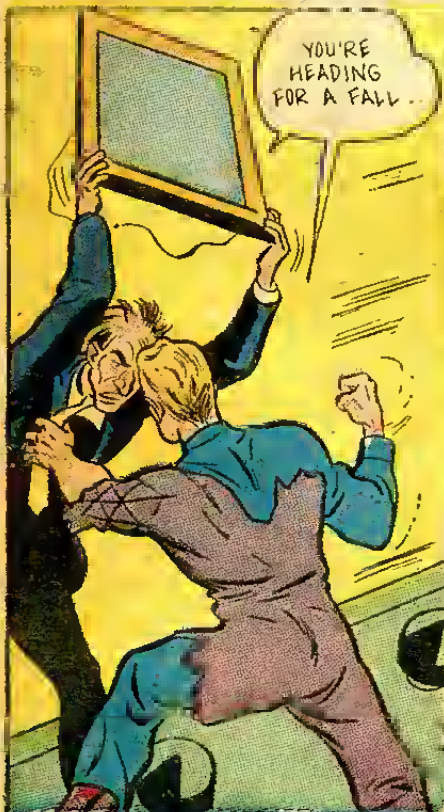
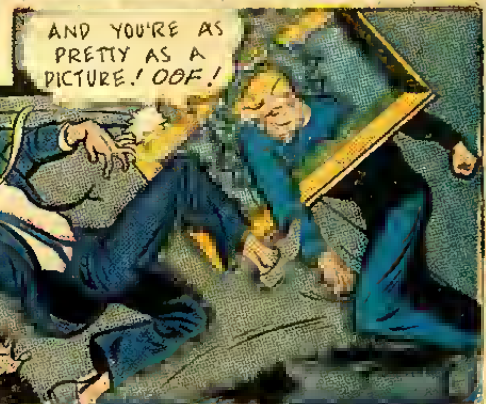
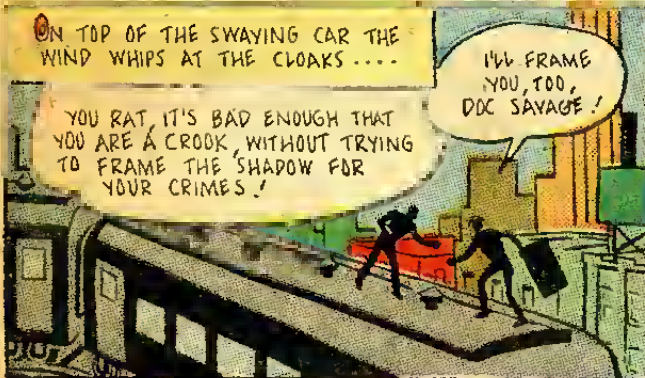




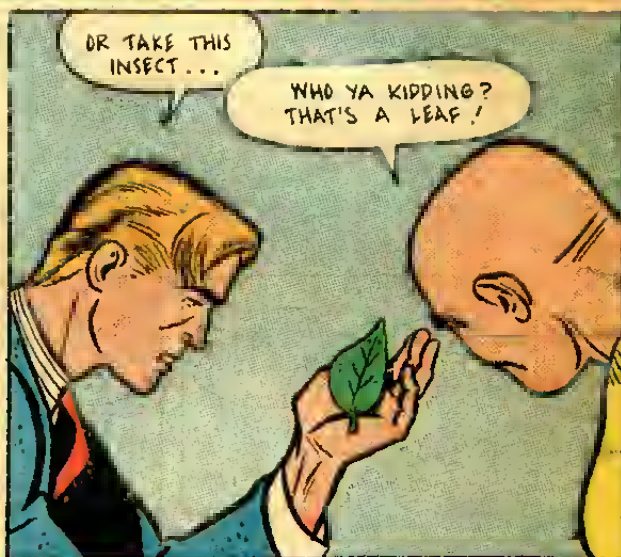












## HONUS WAGNER

Baseball's greatest shortstop tells you which of this year's rookies he believes will be the headliners in

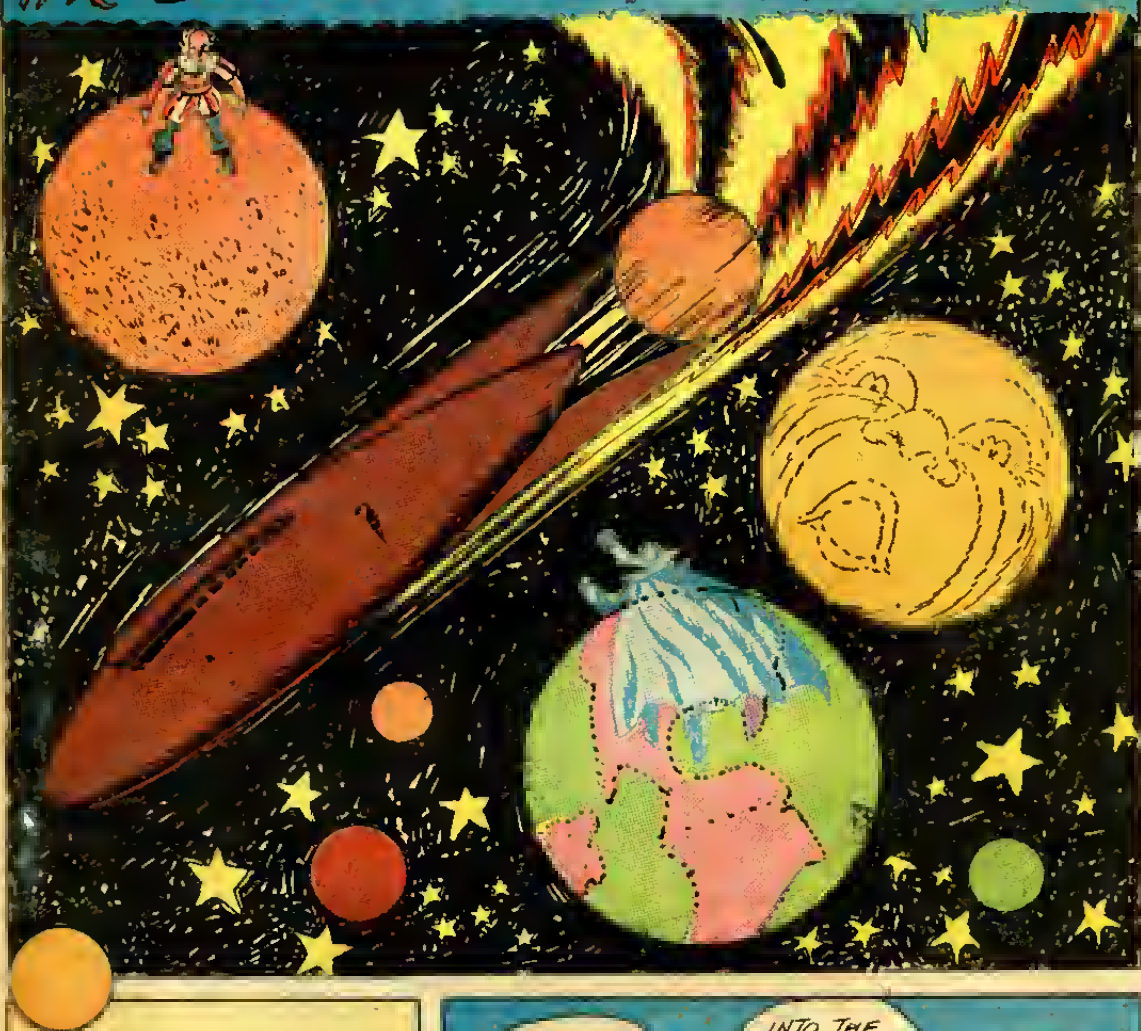
TRUE SPORT  
PICTURE-STORIES

NOW ON SALE

10¢



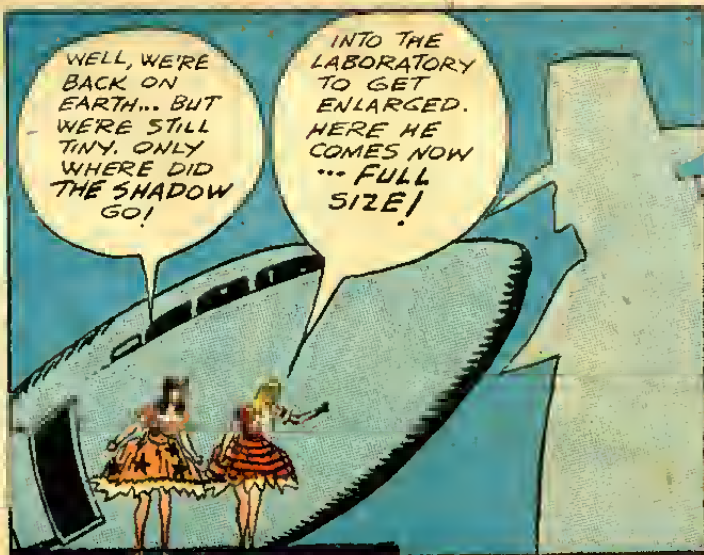
# The SHADOW = SOLARUS RETURNS



THE SHADOW HAS RETURNED FROM VENUS BRINGING MARGO AND VALDA IN A MINIATURE ROCKET-SHIP INVENTED BY SOLARUS, THE SPACE-MASTER.... POWERED BY RADIUM OBTAINED ON VENUS, THE ROCKET-SHIP HAS LANDED IN BACK OF THE LABORATORY WHERE SOLARUS DESIGNED HIS ROCKET-SHIP....



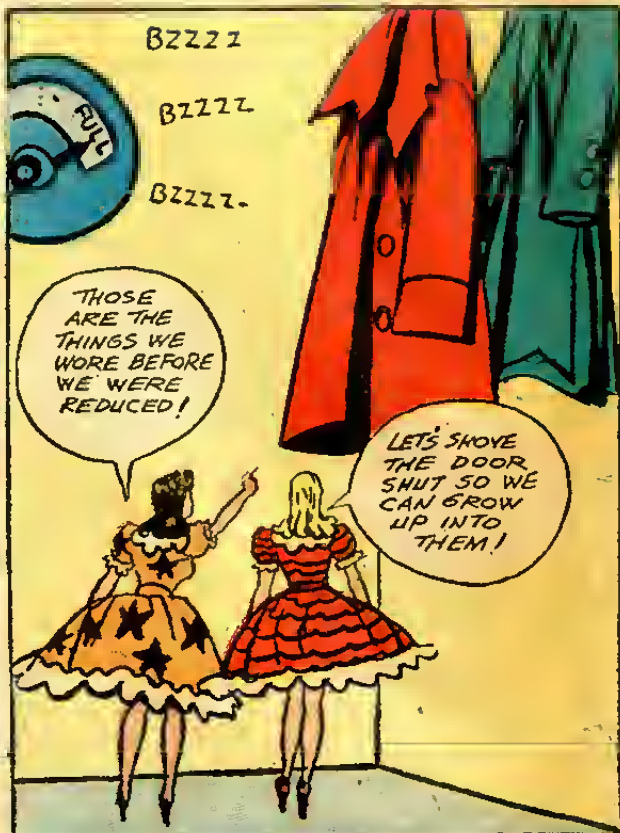
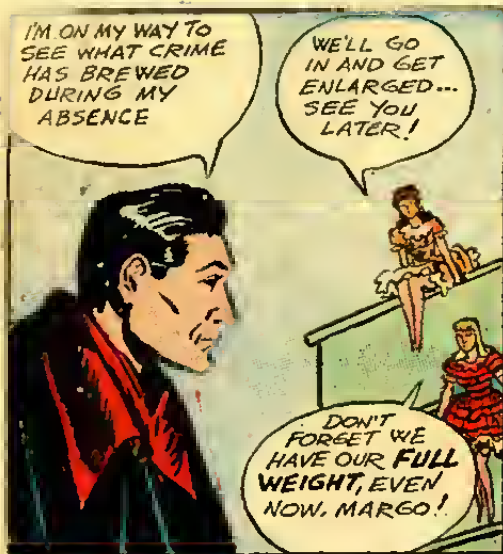
*Looby*



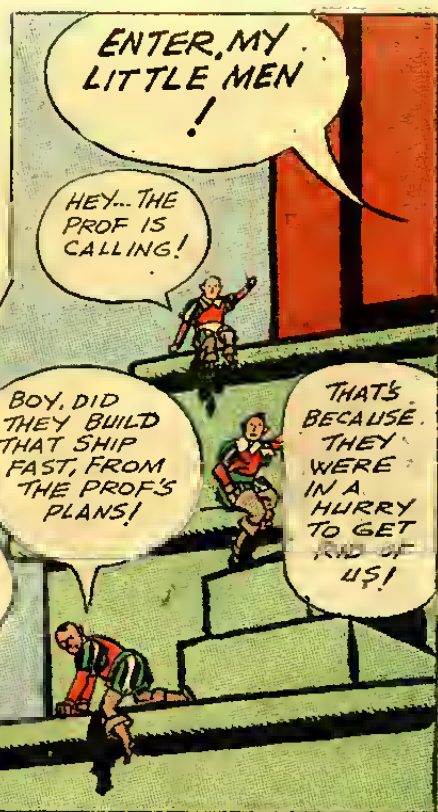
WELL, WE'RE BACK ON EARTH... BUT WE'RE STILL TINY. ONLY WHERE DID THE SHADOW GO!

INTO THE LABORATORY TO GET ENLARGED. HERE HE COMES NOW ... FULL SIZE!











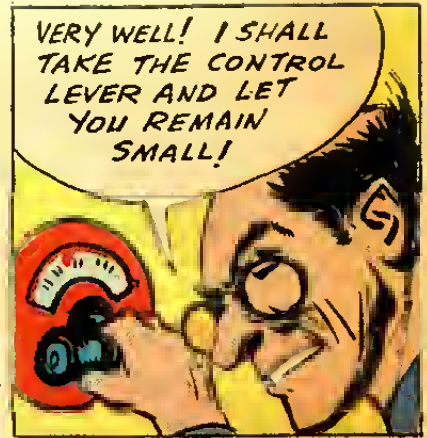


SO! YOU THINK  
THE SHADOW  
IS RIGHT!

THAT'S  
WHAT  
I SAID...

HEY...  
QUIET!

HOLD  
IT FOR  
LATER!

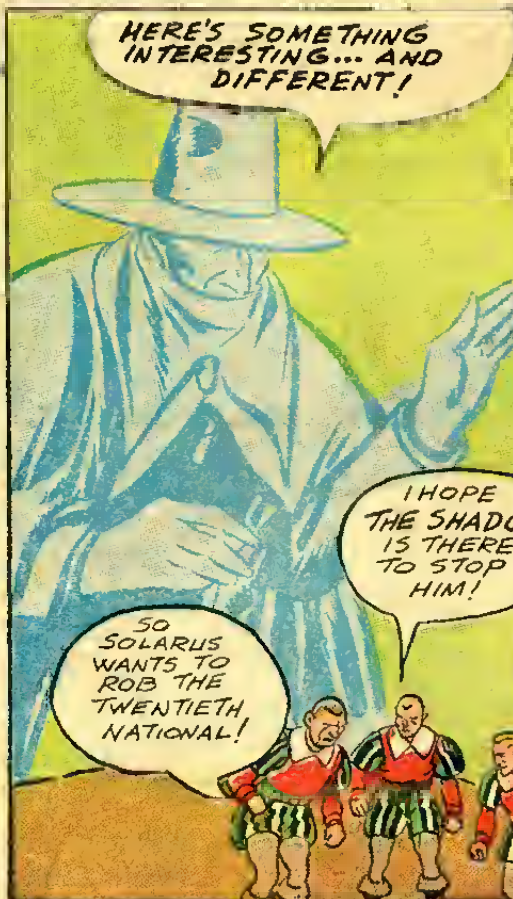


VERY WELL! I SHALL  
TAKE THE CONTROL  
LEVER AND LET  
YOU REMAIN  
SMALL!



I KNOW OF OTHERS WHO  
WILL HELP ME ROB THE  
TWENTIETH NATIONAL  
BANK TONIGHT!

DON'T  
LEAVE  
US LIKE  
THIS!



HERE'S SOMETHING  
INTERESTING... AND  
DIFFERENT!

I HOPE  
THE SHADOW  
IS THERE  
TO STOP  
HIM!

SO  
SOLARUS  
WANTS TO  
ROB THE  
TWENTIETH  
NATIONAL!

IF THE  
SHADOW  
GAVE US  
THE CHANCE,  
WE'D HELP  
HIM!



I'LL TAKE YOU UP  
ON THAT, MY LITTLE  
MEN!





SAY... IT IS  
THE SHADOW!  
I HEAR HIM!

WE  
MEANT  
WHAT  
WE SAID,  
SHADOW!

GOOD! SLIDE  
DOWN FROM THAT  
TABLE AND COME  
ALONG. I HAVE  
A CAR OUTSIDE



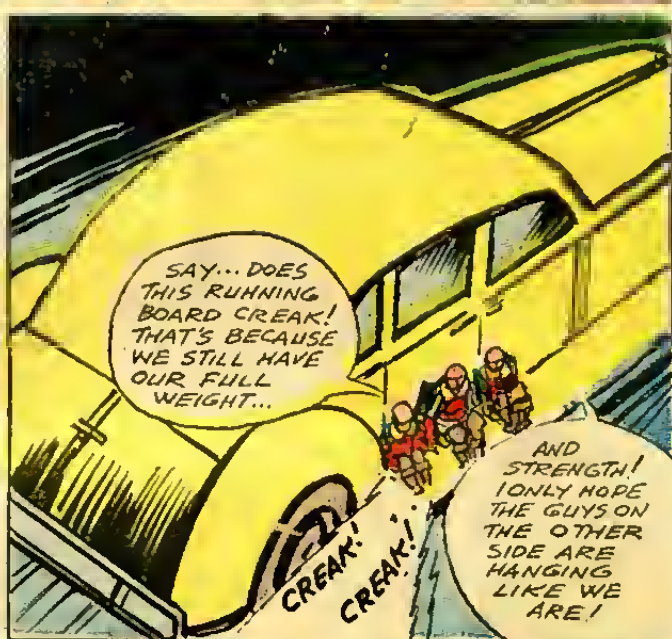
ALL ON BOARD!  
NOW TO REACH  
THE TWENTIETH  
NATIONAL  
BANK!



DOONNNNGG!!

DOONNNNGG!!

SOLARUS IS  
CERTAINLY A FAST  
WORKER! WE'LL  
SHOW HIM  
SOMETHING  
FASTER!



SAY... DOES  
THIS RUNNING  
BOARD CREAK!  
THAT'S BECAUSE  
WE STILL HAVE  
OUR FULL  
WEIGHT...

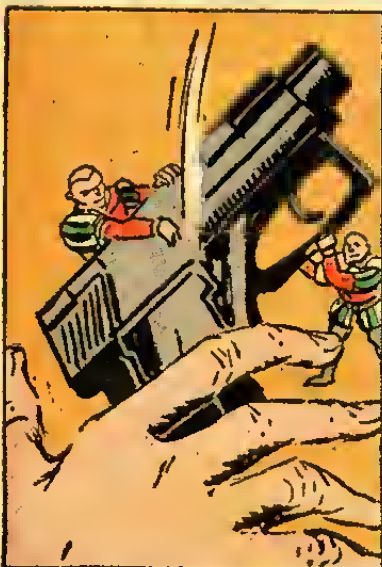
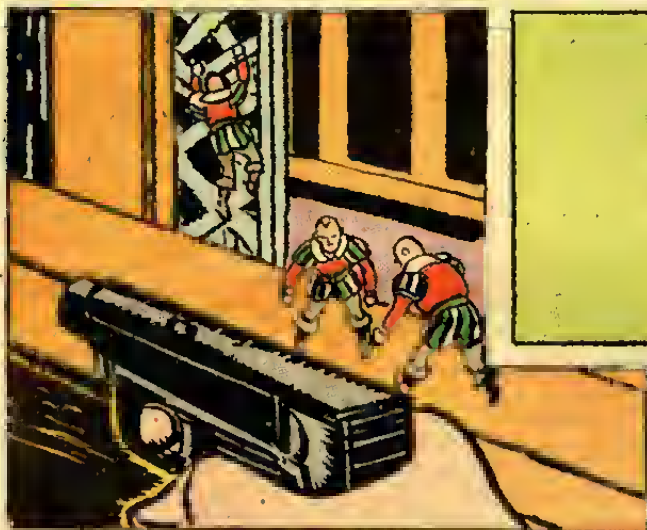
CREAK!  
CREAK!

AND  
STRENGTH!  
I ONLY HOPE  
THE GUYS ON  
THE OTHER  
SIDE ARE  
HANGING  
LIKE WE  
ARE!

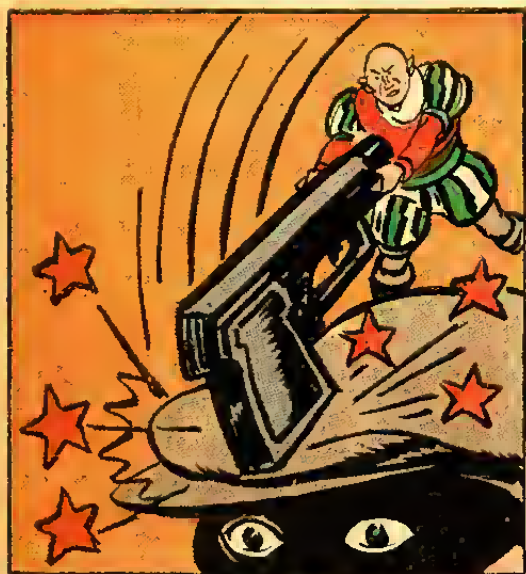


COME ALONG  
TOTS, AND REDEEM  
YOURSELVES!













**WIN YOUR SHARE  
OF \$225.00**

in War Bonds and stamps  
and have fun by answering  
a sport quiz in

**TRUE SPORT  
PICTURE-STORIES**

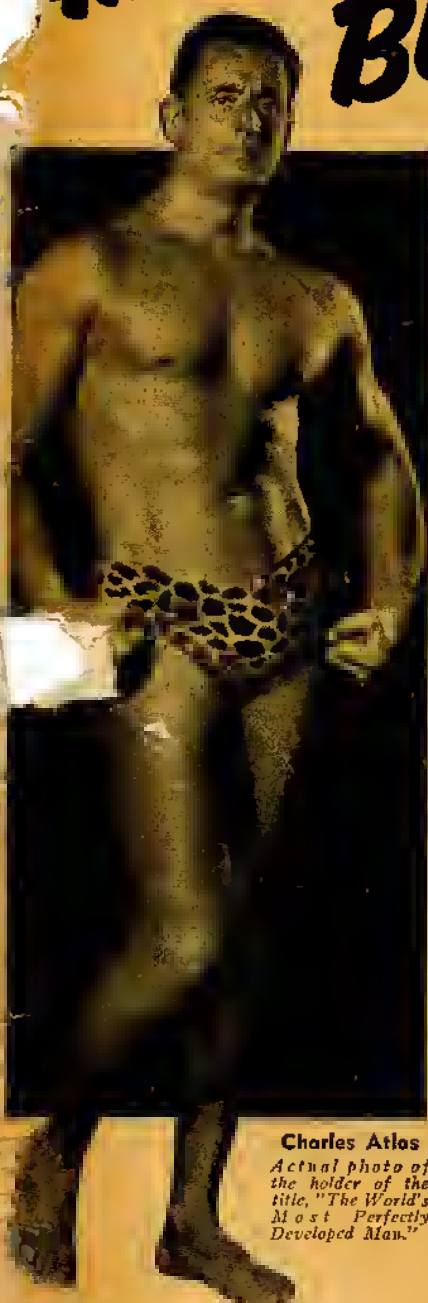
**NOW ON SALE**

**10¢**



# AMERICA'S GREATEST BUILDER OF MEN

Can Make YOU a New Man  
In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



**Charles Atlas**

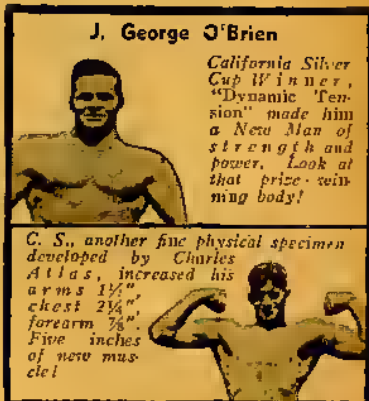
Actual photo of the holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**I**F YOU want powerful muscular development that just shouts vigor and vitality, then look at the pictures of the two fellows shown at the right. It's hard to believe that they, too, were once "fed up" with being weaklings, with flabby, scrawny muscles. They were sick of being **HALF ALIVE**. So they wrote for my free book and followed my instructions. Now look at them!

I myself was once a 97-lb. weakling—flat-chested, ashamed of my appearance. Then I discovered the secret of developing sinewy bands of muscle on every part of my body, of filling out my arms and legs, and broadening my shoulders. I changed myself into the man who has twice won the

## "Dynamic Tension" Works!

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a vise-like grip, make your arms and legs lithe and powerful. If you're fat and flabby, I'll turn that soft flesh into hard sinews of solid muscle.

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And I can do all this for you in only 15 minutes a day, right in the privacy of your own home. I give you no wearying apparatus, no time-wasting gadgets.

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J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute

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